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REVIEWS

The Economy of Health; or the Stream of Human Life, from the Cradle to the Grave: with Reflexions Moral, Physical, and Physiological, on the Septennial Phases of Human Existence. By James Johnson, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to the King. Highley.

TREATISES on health so frequently present themselves to our notice, and they are, for the most part, so like each other, that they are among the most irksome and embarrassing subjects we are called upon to treat. How, indeed, can we distinguish the undistinguishable, or decide on the relative merits of works, that are all more or less modelled upon the far-famed aphorism of Dr. Grigsby, that "sheep's-head broth is mucilaginous"? Our acknowledgments are, therefore, due to Dr. James Johnson for relieving us from this predicament, by writing a book on this theme that is different from its predecessors. We have, for once, escaped from dogmatic dissertations on the comparative merits of beef and mutton, sallies against pastry, and diatribes concerning fish sauces: we are not called upon to take the mask from plausible quackery, and to detect the pill-vender in the physiologist; neither are we compelled to censure an abandonment of the pen for the scissars, or to fall foul of a puffing bookseller. His work, it is true, is not voluminous; but it treats of almost every thing; and there is hardly a page in it that does not call for attention, either in the shape of praise or comment. It is just one of those books, which, to do them justice, would require an article longer than themselves. In such cases, a simile sometimes affords a better description than a definition; and the shortest way of introducing a reader to the essay before us, may be to say, that it is Darwinian. In so saying, we at once declare that the work is excursive, ingenious, replete with curious fact, and novel generalization; that it is suggestive, and calculated to call forth thought in the perusal. Dr. Darwin, moreover, was a poet; and so too, by temperament, is Dr. Johnson, though, in this instance, he poetizes in prose. But while he performs towards readers of the higher order the most grateful task in an author's power, by calling upon their associations, and setting them to revive and revise their own ideas and opinions, it is to be feared that he will sometimes lead minds of humbler acquirement somewhat astray; for in yielding to his poetic tendencies, and "apprehending a world of figures," his philosophy is not always worked out by a very rigid and scrupulous dialectic. He does not always weigh the meaning and force of his terms, and, too frequently, mistakes an image for a reason.

Confining ourselves, however, to the more immediate subject of the volume, the 'Economy of Health,' the subject is not carried through the beaten track of a separate examination of what have been whimsically called the non-naturals; and a dry enumeration of things to be eschewed and things to be *chewed*. Neither is the Doctor satisfied with regarding the human animal as at all times the same, and subject to the same "skyey influences." Surveying the whole "stream of life from the cradle to the grave," he divides it into septennary periods, and separately runs over the several peculiarities of each, its physiological modifications, its external *environnage*, and the various natural and social accidents to which it is then peculiarly assailable, together with the means of obviating their mischievous consequences. This view of the life of man is, indeed, no novelty; the doctrine of climateric periods is familiar to physicians. But though it has figured in medical treatises in its relations to specific diseases, it has not heretofore been so explicitly applied to the science of the *hygiene*, or, to speak more accurately, been made the basis of its developement. That the septennary period is critical in the progress of human life, can scarcely be doubted; for though (in the middle of its course, more especially,) the lines of separation between any two consecutive periods, are unmarked by decisive revolutions in the system; yet, if the centre years of each be compared, in which the respective constitutions are at their acme, the differences become sufficiently striking. The passage from infancy to childhood, from childhood to adolescence, and from adolescence to manhood, at the several ages of seven, fourteen, and twenty-one, are too salient to admit of denial. But, in after-life, not only are the stages less forcibly marked, but the body is subjected to so many natural and social causes of irregularity, that the progress becomes both masked and disturbed. Yet, to the accurate observer, who is capable of abstracting, and of making allowance for disturbing causes, the continuance of the same law of periodicity is an obvious truth.

The utility of making this law the groundwork for an investigation of the subject of health comes clearly out in the course of its treatment, for every septennary period affords appropriate themes for dissertation peculiar to itself. The first seven years embrace the *hygiene* of the nursery; the second that of education; the third of the sexual crisis; the fourth of station in life and matrimony; the fifth and sixth of ambition; the seventh may be termed the pathological septennary, or that in which the accumulated venom of numerous petty chronic abuses of health, incidental to a civilized life, break out into positive disease; and the eighth, ninth, and tenth contain the melancholy history of the progressive decline of life, and the gradual breaking up of the effete machinery. To follow the author through the various themes belonging to these periods, would far exceed the limits and the scope of a review: it will be sufficient to say, that he brings to the subject a penetrating intellect, the experience of a much-varied medical life, and long habits of physiological and moral investigation. In the vast majority of instances, therefore, his illustrations are not merely true, but novel—if not in the elementary principles asserted, at least in some incident of its application; but, like most other writers of his fanciful and speculative cast, his opinions are sometimes hazarded it may be "without due consideration;" and in the wider (and, with him, perhaps less exercised,) fields of metaphysics and of politics, the errors are such as minds of inferior quality, but better drilled, would have avoided.

The medical observations contained in the several septennaries are alike striking and just, yet are they not more valuable and philosophical than very many of the moral and social reflections with which the work abounds. On the subject of education, the Doctor has embodied, in a small space, and illustrated with acuteness, many errors which we have long laboured to eradicate through the pages of the *Athenæum*. The neglect of the child's moral developement, the total disregard of his physical necessities, tight lacing, precocious and too protracted efforts at study, &c., are ably handled; and the observations on early marriage merit the closest attention of parents and legislators. Apropos to this subject, the author puts forth a curious speculation, that if marriages were conducted by lottery the sum of happiness would not be less than at present. "Courtship," he says, "is a state of WARFARE, the art and principles of which are diligently studied, and vigilantly exercised, during the whole of that interesting period of life. Each party carefully conceals the weak points, and prominently pourtrays the strong, the amiable, and the beautiful. Add to this system of intentional deception, the fact that love is blind, and therefore cannot see defects. What is matrimony, then, after all, but a lottery, in which many draw blanks, or worse, when they expect great prizes?" That even the best founded expectations of happiness in matrimony are thus defeated, we have but too frequent example; and that the solemn engagement is daily contracted on the most frivolous motives, is but too true: we think it probable, therefore, that our author may be right in supposing that blind chance would work at least as well as passion or folly.

Perhaps the most original and important portion of the present volume is contained under the head of the seventh septenniad, in which the reader is introduced to a knowledge of what Dr. Johnson calls the patho-proteian malady, or that undefinable, fitful, and ever-varying disease, which simulates almost every other malady incidental to man, but is, indeed, a substantive morbid condition, engendered by the abnormal and complicated stimulations of civilized life. The immense increase, not only of the pleasures, but the pains of existence, resulting from a high state of civilization, with its arts, its conveniences, its dense population, and consequent increased struggle for subsistence, calls upon the nervous system for a corresponding increase of activity. Disproportionate exertions of mental labour are requisite, to fit the individual either for enjoying high station with dignity, or for pushing his upward career against incessant competition. The result is a morbid increase of sensibility in the nervous system, which, operating by sympathy on the nerves of the stomach, liver, and other organs, changes their action, and deranges their functions. The details of this physiological constitution are investigated by Dr. Johnson with much acumen; and they are exposed with a vigour of style that is entitled to rank as eloquence. The two great inlets to extra-stimulation are the organs of sense and the stomach, which are both subjected to the caprices of the will, and the necessities of social life. The very end of civilization being to increase the quantity of creature comforts, and to multiply the pleasures of the senses and the intellect, it operates directly on the stomach to increase the sum of stimulation; while the brain is called upon in civilized life with intense force at every moment. The brain, then, and the stomach, are the two great centres of morbific excitement; and, by

the law of association, these centres exert so vast a reciprocal action on each other, that, no matter which assumes the lead in the dance, the other is sure to take up the measure.

"Ambition then—that ardent desire, that incessant struggle to be, or to appear, greater than we are—or what others are, adds its powerful quota to the sum total of causes that produce the Patho-Proteian scourge. Ambition is not bounded by any particular rank, or confined to any particular classes, but pervades every ramification of society. It is not entirely extinguished in servitude or beggary; I am inclined to think that it does not diminish, but rather that it increases, as we descend along the scale of rank and wealth—at least to a certain extent.

"The wife and daughters of the jolly butcher in Bond-street, have not less ambition to outshine, in chintz and china, the wife and daughters of their opposite neighbour, the cheesemonger, than have their aristocratic customers, in Grosvenor-square, to out-flank and *rout* their fashionable friends, in the columns of the MORNING POST.

"In fine, throughout every link in the vast chain of society—from the court and the cabinet, down to the counter and the cottage—this worst species of ambition is to be found! It *drugs* the cup of enjoyment which is at our lips, infusing into it a thirst for that which is not in our possession. This thirst, it is true, carries with it its own *immediate* punishment—because few can have it slaked; but the ulterior sufferings entailed on the victims of ambition, are of a deeper dye, and graver grade—the dire inflictions of the Proteian malady!

"These, however, are evils of our own seeking or of our own creation. But, in the present state of civilization and refinement, there are hosts of others which we cannot or will not avoid. The cares of families—the difficulty of providing for our offspring—the heart-burnings occasioned by the waywardness of children—and the thousand anxieties which intrude themselves, independent of any misconduct on our own parts, are now multiplied to an incalculable extent, and have already introduced new and undescribed miseries and maladies, that are constantly on the increase.

"There are numerous causes of this modern scourge, which cannot well be classed under the heads of either the MORALE or the PHYSIQUE. They partake of both. Such, for instance, are the habits and pursuits of a people. In this country, commerce and manufactures preponderate over agriculture and pasturage—and therefore sedentary, predominate over active habits. The factory and the counting-house are not only more unhealthy, in a *physical* point of view, than the hills and the vales, but they are much more detrimental to the *moral* constitution of man. The labour is thrown on the head and the hand—and that in bad air—rather than on the body and legs, under the canopy of Heaven. This difference contributes largely to the support of the Proteian malady—especially when aided by the competition of trade, the animosity of politics—and the rancour of religious bigotry. These and various other moral and physical agents have, unfortunately increased since the termination of a long and sanguinary conflict with the common enemy, during which, internal dissensions were swallowed up in national enthusiasm, and redundancy of population was kept in check by the waste of war! Peace, therefore, with all its blessings and comforts, is not without its alloy. Our gigantic struggles with foreign foes, are now transmuted into fierce contentions between opposing factions. Every evil passion is enlisted in this domestic strife. The forum, the bench, the hustings—nay, even the pulpit—pour forth, like volcanos, the destructive elements of discord, hatred, and animosity, among all ranks and classes of society! Under these circumstances, is it wonderful that we should have new maladies, the products of new causes? It would be wonderful if we had them not."

From this portraiture, it appears, that intemperance and excessive mental excitement, are the great pivots upon which a valetudinarian condition in mature life essentially turns. The former cause is the *pont aux ânes*, with ordinary writers upon this subject, who lay all their stress upon dietetics and statics, and who weigh out health to their patients by the ounce, and place their chief good in the chair of Sanctorius. Dr. James Johnson, we think, has shown great acuteness in avoiding this common-place error, and placing the greatest importance on a regulation of the mind. "The besetting sin of the present generation," he remarks, "is not that of intemperance in eating and drinking—but rather in that of reading and thinking. And why is this? When the intellectual powers are much exerted, the physical powers, and more especially the powers of the digestive organs, are weakened. Hence, we have neither the relish for gluttony and inebriation—nor have we the ability to bear their effects. Add to this, that the exercise of the rational faculties dissuades from intemperance, independent of its withdrawing the power of indulging in it. In rude states of society, where the higher functions of the mind are but little employed, the sensual gratifications of the palate and stomach constitute the principal pleasures of life—and the organs being strong, these pleasures are exquisitely enjoyed, and borne with comparative facility. The coal-heaver, on the banks of the Thames, whose brain is nearly as inert as the sable load under which his muscles crack, will drink ten or twelve quarts of porter, besides gin, in one day, and go home as sober as a judge at night. But let the JUDGE himself, whose active brain absorbs all energy from his muscles, try this experiment!

"Here, then, is the true solution of the problem—the real causes why the present generation are more temperate than their ancestors—namely, disrelish for, and inability to bear intemperance, as compared with those of the olden time. But the effects of intemperance have not diminished in proportion. On the contrary, they have multiplied prodigiously. What was ultra-abstemiousness a hundred years ago, would now be destructive excess. The habits and manners of the hardy Highlander in the days of Waverley and the wassail bowl, would ill suit the natives of Glenco and Tobermorey in the present day. Tea, politics, and steam, have wonderfully impaired the digestive organs of the Celt and Sassenach laird since the days of Bradwardine and Tullyveolan, though some of their descendants appear to have, even yet, their stomachs lined with copper, and proof against the fiery impressions of the most potent Glenlivet!"

The entire of this section is well worthy the perusal of the literary and philosophical reader. Every hour of advancing civilization is evidently adding to the causes of over stimulation, and tending to impair the force of the animal, and to introduce new forms of malady: a fact which Dr. Johnson satisfactorily shows not to be incompatible with the well-known increased value of life.

It is clear, from this, that the forward march of intellect is not complete in all its parts; and that there is some portion of the great social machine that requires to be better studied. Some agency is still to be sought, by which the products of civilization shall be more equably divided; and by which the strain on the lower ranks, and the hard rivalry for a bare subsistence, shall be diminished, and the possibility of alternating labour and repose placed within the reach of all. Unless this secret be discovered, a continual progress in what is usually called civilization will eventually become impossible; and in civilization, not to advance is to retrograde. If the moral, i. e. the political, condition of society, does not keep pace with its intellectual progress, man's labour is but lost. The subject of this portion of Dr. Johnson's book is therefore suggestive of long trains of consequences, of the last importance to the future destinies of the species. It contains the germ of a stately plant, and demands all the cultivation of politicians and philanthropists. In connexion with the medical portion of this subject, the author is led to submit to the reader his experience concerning the influence of travelling on the patho-proteian disease, and to state the wonderful recuperative results he has derived from that remedy. On this subject the Doctor is somewhat gossiping; but we have already gone too far in our analysis; and we must abruptly take our leave, with the expression of a hope, that he will not let the matter drop with the present slight sketch; but give it that further developement which it demands, and which he is well able to supply.

The Duke of Monmouth. 3 vols. By the Author of 'The Munster Festivals,' &c. Bentley.

THIS is a novel of ordinary interest, and written in a worse than ordinary style. The characters, partly historical and partly fictitious, do not touch upon and gratify the recollections where reality exists for them—nor captivate the fancy, where they are originated by the author. The story is feeble and improbable, and the language, though not inflated and extravagant, as that of many of our modern novels is, has a peculiar flavour not particularly pleasant, and is rather a purified Irish, than plain English.

In Taunton and its neighbourhood is the story *located*.

A Scotch family of the name of Fullarton, having followed the fortunes of the unfortunate Duke of Argyle, one of two brothers had accompanied that nobleman to the continent, the other settled at Taunton, where the Kingslys, their friends, resided. These last are extravagant royalists—ultra-Carlists, a breed almost extinct, even in these days of Spanish frenzy. The story turns on the enterprise and fortunes of the Duke of Monmouth.

We should hardly have thought, that in this the nineteenth century, the Duke would have been selected for a hero by a novelist. A weak vacillating creature, Rotterdam born, half a Carlist by blood, *forging* himself into a king, and fighting a battle at Sedgmoor, which would disgrace the worst days of *Astley's*, to maintain a counterfeit crown, found at last in a ditch with peas in his pocket for food, and beheaded finally, penitent like one of Dr. Cotton's lambs! We should as soon have thought of Dr. Dodd being done into three volumes, or Fauntleroy (Faunt Le Roy?) worked into a profitable mass of printed felony and fiction!

The best specimen we can give of the author's style is perhaps the following:—

"The lapse of a few years confirmed the wisdom of the counsel given by Fletcher at the meeting of the exiles in Rotterdam, that the Duke of Monmouth should suspend his invasion until the reigning monarch had prepared the way to its success by some act of weakness or self-will which could endanger his present popularity. An historian tells us that the cruelties exercised on this occasion in the West of England were a principal cause of the downfall of the monarch by whose accredited servants they were perpetrated. Without pretending to exculpate the unfortunate James from all the evil that has been spoken of him, it is but candour to acknowledge that other writers give a different view of his motives and conduct from that which is found in many of the popular histories. The blame of his precipitation and imprudence is attributed to the craft of Sunderland, who had sought to ingratiate himself into the favour of James by affecting to become a Catholic, by impressing him with exaggerated ideas of his power, and who afterwards, it is said, boasted that he had ruined his benefactor by his imprudent counsels. Let it never be forgotten, too, in these days of universal toleration, that the struggle of James was to obtain freedom for all denominations of Christians amongst his subjects, while his opponents sought to secure the ascendancy of one. There exists no kind of proof that he ever aimed at more, and long after his fall he continued to aver that he had no design of subverting the Established Church. It seems difficult to palliate his imprudence, or to acquit him of a constitutional temerity and want of judgment, so similar to those evinced by his unhappy parent in dealing with his sectarian subjects that they would seem hereditary; but when one hears him accused of tyranny who was only arbitrary to-

wards the intolerant and the monopolising—him charged with cowardice in whom the great De Ruyter found his most determined foe, it is impossible to avoid revolting from the common cry, and refusing to join the crowd who heap unmerited obloquy upon the memory of a fallen monarch. Historical monuments exist to show that James was not cognizant of the atrocities which followed the defeat of Monmouth, and that he took care to put an end to them as soon as they became known to him. Nor let it be forgotten by those who, going still farther, either from prejudice or interest, would visit the errors of the monarch upon his religion, that neither his ministers, his judges, nor his generals, by whom those deeds were done, were sharers in his faith."

We had marked several passages illustrative of peculiarity of style, but we have already given more room to a third-rate novel than it deserves; and we take leave of 'The Duke of Monmouth' with unfeigned regret that he should have attempted to foist himself upon us as a modern acquaintance.

Hood's Comic Annual for 1837.

[Second Notice.]

Any other Annual would be out of season at this season—they belong "to the dark backward"—but *The Comic* comes in, naturally enough, with the holly bough and the misletoe, with "quips, and cranks, and wreathed smiles." By the bye, this seasonable talk reminds us that we should wish our readers a merry Christmas; perhaps it will be better to wish them The Comic—the one will insure the other.

The volume before us has some peculiarities which distinguish it from its elder brethren. Many of the past may have had particular papers equal to the best here to be found, but few, if any, can bear comparison with its "infinite variety"; it contains something "of all humours that have shew'd themselves humours since the days of goodman Adam." As an apology for the political announcement which heralded its coming, and lest the volume should not be thought "to square with his circular," Mr. Hood observes—

"The truth is, I am all abroad, not figuratively but geographically: in a remote land, where, before The Times arrives it is like 'the good old times,' rather out of date; and consequently I get my news, as some persons receive their game, too far gone to be of use. * * Thus, whilst I was sitting, unshaved, in my old clothes, arguing on paper for Hebrew Emancipation—the act was, perhaps, actually passed; and the Jews engaged in an appropriate *Jew*bilee. At the very time I was contending, with all the stiffness of a steel pen, for the rights of Dissenters to marry according to their own forms—the Dissenters—marry come up!—might be standing in an *altar'd* position, and in possession of all their *rites*. * * My Strictures reprobating Bull-baiting in Exeter Hall, might have been anticipated by the nuisance abating itself into a display of Calves. * * A Work on the Working of the New Poor Laws might have turned out a work of supererogation—there being no Poor for Laws to work upon, the Philanthrophic Party having transformed all the paupers, at their own expense, into Poor Gentlemen. And, finally, how foolish I should have looked with my 'Remarks on the Franchise,' or the 'Complaint of a Ten Pound Voter, a shilling short'—if in the meantime voters were admitted by avoirdupois, as a test for their weight in the Country!"

The 'Fatal Bath' is a capital extravaganza, but it is so strongly woven together, that we have been unable to separate a single line from the context. The 'Letter from an Absentee' will be another favourite, but is equally intractable for our purpose. From 'Love Lane' we can but take a single verse; it is, however, a pretty rural picture:—

> At length my offer I preferr'd,
> And Hope a kind reply forebode—
> Alas! the only sound I heard
> Was, 'What a horrid ugly toad!'
> And when I ventur'd to abide
> Her father's and her mother's grants—
> Sudden, she started up and cried,
> 'O dear! I am all over ants!'

The 'Desert Born' is of a far higher quality; but, if we were to quote from it at all, it would be in proof of that living vein of poetry which, we have often maintained, pervades and penetrates Mr. Hood's broadest humour and strangest fancies. From the Ode to Dr. Hahnemann, the Homœopathist, we must steal a quintillionth dose:—

> Well, Doctor,
> Great concocter
> Of medicines to help in man's distress;
> Diluting down the strong to meek,
> And making ev'n the weak more weak,
> "Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."—
> * * * *
> Do thorough draughts cure thorough colds or not?
> Do fevers yield to any thing that's hot?
> Or hearty dinners neutralise a surfeit?
> Is't good advice for gastronomic ills,
> When Indigestion's face with pain is crumpling,
> To cry "Discard those Peristaltic Pills,
> Take a hard dumpling"?
> * * * *
> Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,
> Snapping to left and right,
> And giving tongue like one of Sebright's hounds,
> Terrific sounds,
> The pallid neighbourhood with horror cowing,
> To hit the proper homœopathic mark;
> Now, might not "the least taste in life" of *bark*,
> Stop his *bow-wow-ing?*
> Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,
> Would he not mend, if, with all proper care,
> He took "*a hair*
> *Of the dog that bit him*"?

Under a title which explains itself, 'The Dead Robbery,' an old *subject* is revived. Poor Peter Bunce worn out with drawing blanks in Fortune's lottery—

> At last, impatient of the light of day,
> He made his mind up to return his clay
> Back to the pottery.

And with an ounce or two of laudanum he seemingly accomplished his purpose. The coroner, of course,

> —— convened a dozen men,
> Who found his death was *phial*-ent—and then
> The Parish buried him!
>
> Upwatch'd, unwept,
> As commonly a Pauper sleeps, he slept;
> There could not be a better opportunity
> For bodies to steal a body so ill kept,
> With all impunity:
> In fact, when Night o'er human vice and folly
> Had drawn her very necessary curtains,
> Down came a fellow with a sack and spade,
> Accustom'd many years to drive a trade,
> With that Anatomy more Melancholy
> Than Burton's!
>
> The Watchman in his box was dozing;
> The Sexton drinking at the Cheshire Cheese;
> No fear of any creature interposing,
> The human Jackal work'd away at ease:
> He toss'd the mould to left and right,
> The shabby coffin came in sight,
> And soon it open'd to his double-knocks,—
> When lo! the stiff'un that he thought to meet,
> Starts sudden up, like Jacky-in-a-box,
> Upon his seat!
>
> Awaken'd from his trance,
> For so the laudanum had wrought by chance,
> Bunce stares up at the moon, next looking level,
> He spies a shady Figure, tall and bony,
> Then shudders out these words—"Are—you—the— Devil?"
> "The Devil a bit of him," says Mike Mahoney,
> "I'm only com'd here, hoping no affront,
> To pick up honestly, a little blunt—"
> "Blunt!" echoes Bunce, with a hoarse croak of laughter,—
> "Why, man, I turn'd life's candle in the socket,
> Without a rap in either pocket,
> For want of that same blunt you 're looking after!"
> "That's true," says Mike, "and many a pretty man
> Has cut his stick upon your very plan,
> Not worth a copper, him and all his trumps,
> And yet he's fetch'd a dacent lot of stuff,
> Provided he was sound and fresh enough,
> And dead as dumps."
>
> "I take," quoth Bunce, with a hard wink, "the fact is,
> You mean a subject for a surgeon's practice,—
> I hope the question is not out of reason,
> But just suppose a lot of flesh and bone,
> For instance, like my own,
> What might it chance to fetch now, at this season?"
> "Fetch is it!" answers Mike, "why prices differ,—
> But taking this same small bad job of ours,
> I reckon, by the pow'rs!
> I've lost ten pound by your not being stiffer!"
> "Ten pounds!" Bunce echoes in a sort of flurry,
> "Odd zounds!
> Ten pounds,
> How sweet it sounds,
> Ten pounds!"
> And on his feet upspringing in a hurry—
> It seem'd the operation of a minute—
> A little scuffle—then a whack—
> And then he took the Body Snatcher's sack
> And poked him in it!

We cannot follow Peter further in his triumphant success in *after life*.

It is impossible to help laughing throughout at 'Hitchin Hall.' We must, indeed, give a few lines from the correspondence between Mrs. Groves and Messrs. Tuppin & Co., house-agents:

"Mr. Groves being blind with a sting on his eyelids, as big as a pigeon's egg, I am necessitated to write, though unaccustomed to business, to say we can't go on suffering in silence any longer. It is more than flesh and blood can bear; and I really wonder, Mr. Tuppin, you could allow a genteel family like ours to domesticate themselves in Hitchin Hall. There has been *a shameful want of candour in the transaction*. Fixtures is one thing; but 'live things is another, and I don't romance when I say we are eaten up alive! * * A hint from you would have been only civil; but, as I said before, there was nothing like *candour* in the case. My daughter, Belinda, says she is sure there are scorpions, and if you could see her inflamed calf of a leg I am sure you would say there was something out of the common run. * * Mr. Tuppin, it's one maid's work to sweep down the spiders, and the cook says she is quite sick of smashing the black beadles. I expect every day that the footman will give warning, for he is of a serious turn, and complains he can't sing his hymns in the kitchen for the crickets. The maids won't sleep in the garrets because of the death-watches in the walls; and, Mr. Tuppin, there's the moth in every cupboard in the house! It's rather hard to have a good muff and tippet ruined, and Mr. G.'s great coat besides, for want of *a little candour!* Our linen is going in the same way. I wish you could see one of Mr. G.'s best fine shirts, they're as full of holes as a cullender. * * Mr. G. is as much put out of the way as I am, for he is very particular about his cellar, and the wood-lice, or somethings, have eat all the seals off the corks, so that he knows, no more than the man in the moon, what he is putting before his friends. But that's not the worst. Mr. G. is not so squeamish as some people about animalculus; but I appeal to yourself, Mr. Tuppin, if it's agreeable in dressing, as happened this very morning, to find a hundred legs in your boots?"

It turns out that the house had been formerly in the occupation of the Entomological Society, and that the Secretary, who was curious in keeping and rearing all sorts of insects, had resided on the premises.

Mr. Hood's 'Sketches on the Road' have been generally admired as among his most artistic works, but 'Agricultural Distress' is a subject of such paramount importance, that it forces itself on our attention. The discussion, as to the meaning of the phrase, is carried on by persons who ought to be well acquainted with the subject—Simon's illustration is most to our taste:—

> You see, 'twas hard on quarter-day,
> And cash was wanted for the rent;
> So up to London I was sent,
> To sell as prime a load of hay
> As ever dried on summer's day.
> Well, standing in Whitechapel Road,
> A chap comes up to buy my load,
> And looks, and looks about the cart,
> Pretending to be 'cute and smart;
> But no great judge, as people say,
> 'Cause why? he never smelt the hay.
> Thinks I, as he's a simple chap,
> He'll give a simple price mayhap,
> Such buyers comes but now and then,
> So slap I axes nine pun' ten.
> 'That's dear,' says he, and pretty quick
> He taps his leathers with his stick,
> 'Suppose,' says he, 'we wet our clay,
> Just while we bargin 'bout the hay.'
> So in we goes, my chap and me!
> He drinks to I, and I to he;
> At last, says I, a little gay,
> 'It's time to talk about that hay.'
> 'Nine pund,' says he, 'and I'm your man,
> Live, and let live—for that's my plan.'

'That's true,' says I, 'but still I say,
It's nine pun' ten for that 'ere hay.'
And so we chaffers for a bit,
At long and last the odds we split;
And off he sets to show the way,
Where up a yard I leaves the hay.
Then, from the pocket of his coat,
He pulls a book, and picks a note.
'That's Ten,' says he—'I hope to pay
Tens upon tens for loads of hay.'
'With all my heart, and soon,' says I,
And feeling for the change thereby;
But all my shillings com'd to five—
Says he, 'No matter, man alive!
There's something in your honest phiz
I'd trust, if twice the sum it is;—
You'll pay next time you come to town.'
'As sure,' says I, 'as corn is brown.'
'All right,' says he.—Thinks I, 'huzza!
He's got no bargain of the hay!'

Well, home I goes, with empty cart,
Whipping the horses pretty smart,
And whistling ev'ry yard o' way,
To think how well I'd sold the hay—
And just catch'd Master at his greens
And bacon, or it might be beans,
Which did n't taste the worse, *surely*,
To hear his hay had gone so high.
But lord! when I laid down the note,
It stuck the victuals in his throat,
And chok'd him till his face all grew
Like pickling-cabbage, red and blue;
With such big goggle eyes, Ods nails!
They seem'd a-coming out like snails!
'A note,' says he, half mad with passion,
'Why, thou dom'd fool! thou'st took a flash'un!'
Now, was n't that a pretty mess?
That's Hagricultural Distress.

Simon, however, could not carry with him "the sweet voices" of the majority; but what the decision was we shall leave to be discovered by the readers of The Comic.

We must pass over John Jones and his Railway speculations, that we may steal a verse or two from the 'Ode to Messrs. Green, Hollond, and Monck Mason':—

O lofty-minded men!
Almost beyond the pitch of my goose pen;
And most inflated words;
Delicate Ariels! etheriah! —birds
Of passage! fliers! angels without wings!
Fortunate rivals of Icarian darings!
Male-witches, without broomsticks,—taking airings;
Kites—without strings!
Volatile spirits! light mercurial humours!
O give us soon your sky adventures truly,
With full particulars, correcting duly
All flying rumours!

Two-legg'd high-fliers!
What upper-stories you must have to tell!
And nobody can contradict you well.

* * * *

Of course, at such a height, the ocean
Affected no one by its motion—
But did internal comfort dwell with each,
Quiet and ease each comfortable skin in?
Or did brown Hollond of a sudden bleach
As white as Irish linen?
Changing his native hue,
Did Green look blue?—
In short was any air-sick? P'rhaps Monck Mason
Was forc'd to have an air-pump in a bason?

Say, with what sport or pleasure,
Might you fill up your lofty leisure?
Like Scotchman, at High jinks?
(High-spy was an appropriate game methinks)
Or cards—but playing very high;—
Or skying coppers, almost to the sky;—
Or did you listen, the first mortal ears
That ever drank the music of the spheres?—
Or might you into vocal music get,
A trio—highly set?
Or, as the altitude so well allow'd,
Perchance, you "blew a cloud."

Say, did you find the air
Give you an appetite up there?
Your cold provisions—were you glad to meet 'em?
Or did you find your victuals all so *high*,—
Or blown so by your *fly*—
You couldn't eat 'em?

Of course, you took some wine to sup,
Although the circumstance has not been stated;
I envy you the effervescing cup!
Warn't your Champagne *well up?*
Nay, you, yourselves, a little *elevated?*

Then, for your tea and breakfast, say,
Was it not something delicately new,
To get *sky-blue*
Right genuine from the real *milky way?*

Of course, you all agreed,
Whate'er your conversation was about,
Like friends indeed,—
And faith! not without need,
'Twas such an awkward place for *falling out!*

We need not proceed further with Hood's fanciful speculations, as we can now refer the reader to Mr. Mason's published account.

Among the novelties of this volume are a sketch or two of national character. Here is a mere outline of an Irishman:—

"He is a Man with two Ideas; no better than one: to wit, a right one and a wrong one, between which, like two Stools, his Wit comes constantly to the Ground. Thus it is as natural for Him to blunder

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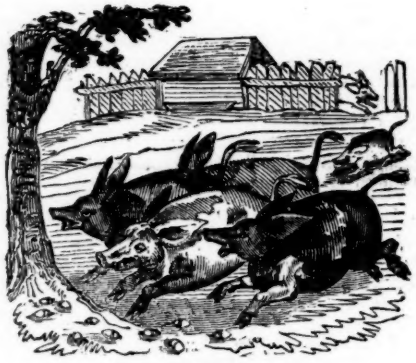

RUNNING FOR THE OAKS.

THE BEST CURE FOR A COLD.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

as to breathe: his Sign is Taurus: for he is constantly uttering dilemmas with horns to them. * *

"Hence is he a Catholic by nationality; for the Pope makes Bulls likewise; and is therefore a mere Irishman, born at Rome. For the rest of his Religion, he confesses to at least nine of the Seven Mortal Sins; and, above all, Sabbath-Breaking, by which he understands eating Flesh of a Friday.

"In his Politics he is commonly a Partisan; his main Aversion being a Trimmer, or, as he describeth him, a Man who sits on both Sides of the House at once. * * He hath a Scheme for reducing Tithes from a Tenth to a Fifth; and another for furthering the Education of the Poor, by means of Sunday Schools twice a Week."

A capital paper is on 'Domestic Poetry.' To the Scotch, it is observed, the Muse is a sort of gossip, who is accustomed to take her seat at the fire-side, and to whom they relate everything—of joy, or sorrow, or hope, or disappointment—even to the minutest household matters, as well as the most sacred of home feelings. Now, the English have no poems of a like class, and this Mr. Hood considers as an unsightly gap in the national library; and he gives some examples of what such poems ought to be, in the hope, as Dr. Watts says, that "some happy and condescending genius would undertake and perform much better;" they are all excellent: we must be content with—

A Parental Ode to my Son, aged 3 Years and 5 Months.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heav'ns! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nurseling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

With this we conclude. It is not likely that we should find anything better if we were to hunt further, though 'The Serenade' has temptingly opened upon us, as if in rivalry. The wood-cuts are of various merit, but better, as a whole, than for many years, as the illustrations we have given must have proved.

A Statistical Account of the British Empire: exhibiting its Extent, Physical Capacities, Population, Industry, and Civil and Religious Institutions. By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq. assisted by numerous Contributors. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

We have already said that Mr. M'Culloch's 'Statistical Account of the British Empire' is a very valuable work; and in repeating this praise, we hope, at the same time, to enhance the value of it, by showing that we are not blind to the defects of our author's performance. "A great book," says the old adage, "is a great evil;" and in this sentiment, we (whose arms often ache in turning over ponderous volumes for the good of mankind,) heartily concur. None but the most courageous readers will ever force their way through our author's 1400 densely-printed pages. They will be deterred, not more by the length, than by the rude inequality of the road, which, owing to the crabbed taste of the engineer, leads only for a brief space through the smiling champaign, and then winds and mounts interminably over the rocky hills. Thus, our author despatches the subject of Home Trade in two ordinary pages, while his dissertation on the history and actual state of the Poor Laws, runs to the immoderate length of sixty pages, in small type, and equals, at least, the usual measure of the volumes which issue from Burlington Street. He thought, perhaps, that his readers might be enlivened and amused, from time to time, by something of an argumentative or controversial character. But, alas! mankind, taken collectively, are not hard-headed: they study more advantageously, and have a higher relish for, a simple and lucid exposition of truth, than the finest analysis of complicated questions, or the most triumphant refutations that ever swelled the pride of a practised disputant. It cannot be said, indeed, that Mr. M'Culloch's volumes are ill-written, or generally heavy; but we are convinced, nevertheless, that, without the suppression of a single fact or principle of the least importance, they might have been confined within three-fourths of their present bulk, by a more careful elaboration, and by the harmonious reduction of all the parts to the proportions which belong to them in the field of political science, and not in the arena of controversy.

The strong feeling of our author on all contested points, which operates like a valve to check, or set free, according to his bias in each case, the stream of his information, is particularly manifest in his account of Ireland; and it is chiefly as the consequence of his polemical spirit that we must regard his apparently very imperfect knowledge of that country. In his picture of the condition of the sister kingdom, he studiously exhibits only the dark side of things. Mr. M'Culloch represents the cultivation of Ireland as it was five and twenty years ago, relying chiefly on the authority of Wakefield, who collected his statistical materials in 1811 and 1812. Now, Wakefield's work on Ireland, though it obtained a great reputation on its first appearance, was, in reality, as questionable and ill-digested a mass of compilation, as was ever crammed into two quarto volumes. But not to go back a quarter of a century with our criticism, we shall just tell our readers an anecdote illustrative of the perils which occasionally await the traveller who is over-greedy of materials for his intended book. Mr. Wakefield had a letter of introduction to an Irish nobleman possessing extensive property in the north of Ireland. He was well received by his lordship, who, at his desire, introduced him to his steward, enjoining the latter, at the same time, to show the traveller every part of the estate. A few mornings after, the steward waited on his lordship, and, in reply to the inquiries of the latter respecting Mr. Wakefield, stated that he was an inquisitive, impertinent fellow; that he was prying into the value of the estate, the amount of rent and produce; that he had asked whether his lordship was a good landlord, and many other unseemly questions of the same kind. "Well, well," said the nobleman, "I hope you answered him in a satisfactory manner." "Oh! very," replied the steward, in a tone of exultation; "I satisfied him completely: I did not tell him a word of truth." We are also surprised to find Mr. M'Culloch quoting Mr. Inglis's account of Ireland. A holiday tourist of that kind, setting forth to write a popular book, even though his views be in the main correct, cannot be considered as an authority.

We find, in our author's pages, numberless proofs of his very imperfect knowledge of the present state of Ireland; but we shall insist only on one or two instances of ignorance of a dangerous tendency. It is a mistake, of little moment certainly, to say that there is no limestone eastward of the Barrow; whereas, in reality, Hook Point, at the mouth of that river, is, one side of it, composed of shelly limestone, which extends north-westwards a long way through the county of Wexford. The limestone quarries of Carlow are as much on the eastern as western side of the river. When Mr. M'Culloch relates that the people of Carlow prefer their butter in a rancid state, he only repeats one of the outrageous jokes played off on Mr. Wakefield. The people of Carlow have been long used to concentrate their mental powers on butter, of the merits of which they are excellent judges; and they would nibble the best London butter with a squeamish reluctance equal to that of Horace's city mouse—

Tangentis male singula dente superbo.

But when Mr. M'Culloch states that the Carlow butter holds the first rank in the market, he runs into a worse error, inasmuch as he shows himself unacquainted with the progress of Irish trade; for Carlow, though absolutely much improved in every sense as a butter market, has long since yielded the pre-eminence to the still more rapid improvement of Cork and Belfast.

It is no wonder that our author, while blind to the improvement actually taking place in Ireland, should be indisposed to entertain any sanguine calculations respecting the future. Thus he says—

"The elaborate estimates given in the reports of the engineers employed by the Commissioners, of the expense of draining and improving bogs, are altogether hypothetical, and are entitled to very little weight. Had a single extensive bog been drained by speculators, and brought into a state of profitable cultivation, there would have been some foundation to go upon. This however, has not been done; and till it be done, there are plainly no data to refer to in relation to this subject on which any reliance can be safely placed."

Now Mr. M'Culloch, a laborious statist, and a writer of authority, ought to have known that this has been done within the last five years, on the extensive wastes belonging to the Crown, near the sources of the river Blackwater, and on the confines of the counties of Cork and Kerry. There, on the lands of Poblokeef (i. e. the O'Keefe clan), about 400 acres of bog have been brought into cultivation: accurate accounts are kept of all the operations of the farm, of the produce and expenses; and the books are left open for the inspection of visitors. These books would have furnished our author with more authentic, as well as important information, than some of those which he delights in quoting. The praise of making the above-mentioned interesting and successful experiment, belongs to the Commissioner of Woods and Forests, Lord Duncannon.

But we shall now proceed to exhibit an ex-

ample of a mis-statement of a more significant and characteristic nature. Mr. M'Culloch having stated the rapid increase of population in Ireland, and descanted on its causes, as, the splitting of land, the potato diet, &c. (he says nothing of early marriages), calls attention to the fact, that while the increase in the province of Leinster was only 9 per cent. in 10 years, it was 22 per cent. in the comparatively backward province of Connaught. He then goes on to say—

"It is extremely questionable, whether the agriculture of Connaught has been in any degree improved of late years; nor can there in fact be a doubt, that the rapid increase of population in it, is wholly ascribable to the splitting of the land; and that it is an evidence, not of the improvement, but of the deterioration of the country."

This is a melancholy picture of affairs, but fortunately it is no hard matter to show that it bears but little resemblance to the truth, and we might easily prove from our author's pages, that he erred in this instance, rather from wilfulness than want of information. About 40 or 50 years ago, the mail-coach road from Dublin went no farther westward than Castlebar: from that town to the sea shore at Westport, at that time a little fishing village, there was hardly a green field to be seen; colonial produce was carried westward from Dublin on the Irish solid-wheeled cars, one horse drawing a hogshead of sugar in seven or eight days to Castlebar or Sligo. But now good roads have opened access to every part of that country. Westport, during the war, grew into a handsome town, and large fortunes were made in it by trade. Sligo has made still greater progress, and is now a mercantile town of considerable importance, with a continually increasing commerce. Its large and augmenting export of grain and other produce ought to have removed our author's doubts as to the improvement of agriculture in Connaught, and satisfied him, at least, that the country is not deteriorating. In short, the western province of Ireland, being comparatively new land, has made in the developement of its natural resources greater strides than those parts of the kingdom which had been long in cultivation. That developement has, it is true, been accompanied by a multiplication of the indigent peasantry; but our author's horror of the concomitant evil ought not to have blinded him to the well-marked progress of the country in agriculture, wealth, and commercial activity.

Mr. M'Culloch, depending on writers of the last generation, Arthur Young, Wakefield, Curwen, &c., draws a very unfavourable sketch of Irish agriculture:—he says that "the Irish farmer has neither skill nor industry;" that "he has no correct notion of a rotation of crops;" "but corn follows corn;" that "the Irish plough is drawn by horses and cattle intermixed, with a man sitting on the beam to keep the instrument in the ground;" that 'there are few threshing machines in the kingdom," &c., &c. Vestiges of barbarism are, no doubt, still to be seen in the agriculture of Ireland. Farmers are, of all people in the world, the slowest to resign their old routine; and even the farmers of Kent and Surrey are on that account exposed to the sneers of the new-light Scotchmen. But Mr. M'Culloch's account of Irish husbandry is, speaking generally, wholly inapplicable at the present time; and we are unable to explain to ourselves, how any man of common sense and candour, with the tables of the exports of Ireland before him, could imagine that the agricultural skill of that country was the same now as it was five and twenty years ago. But this supposition was necessary to Mr. M'Culloch's argument, and so he writes as follows:—

"The abject poverty of the people has been said to be the real cause of the distressed state of Irish agriculture. But this very poverty has itself been mainly occasioned by the circumstances to which we have now briefly alluded. The splitting of the land into minute portions has been at once the principal cause of the excessive increase and poverty of the population, and of the wretched condition of agriculture."

How ridiculous this lament on "the distressed, the wretched condition of Irish agriculture," must seem to all who are well acquainted with the sister kingdom! An exportation of agricultural produce which has trebled in the last thirty years, and now actually amounts to at least 12 millions annually, is no indication of wretchedness or distress. But mark, gentle reader, how dangerous it is to suffer one's perceptions to be warped by the heat of disputation. Our author having painted the wretchedness of Ireland in the most dismal hues, and drawn from it such inferences as he thought proper, inadvertently allows a gleam of light to break across the picture; and thus he proceeds:—

"But in despite of these unfavourable circumstances, and of the increasing agitation that prevails in Ireland, there can be no question that a considerable improvement has taken place in the culture of the land during the last twenty years. This is evinced, not only by the great increase of the exports to Britain, but by their improved quality, and by the improvement that is visible in many districts, in the mode of managing land."

These few lines will be sufficient to show the discriminating reader how apocryphal, or how obsolete, is our author's general account of Ireland. But what is most ominous and provoking, is, that Mr. M'Culloch, while he can hardly be unconscious that he has compiled a most disheartening account of Ireland, for the sake of certain favourite deductions, takes no pains to illustrate the rapid advancement of that country in production and commerce, but excludes the light which might destroy his fond delusion.

As the rapid progress of Ireland is, to a candid thinker, more fertile in inferences than its actual backwardness, we shall endeavour briefly to establish that cheering fact. We shall expect of him, the next time that he treats of the causes of Irish poverty, to go a little further back, and to point out to us the time when the indigenous Irish had either industry or riches. We prefer the positive and recent theme of Irish wealth: for Irish poverty, we believe, to be of very ancient lineage; it is immediately descended from Nothing, that Great Negative, which, as Rochester sings, (a high authority on such a subject,) "was elder sister even to Night." The lower class of Irish go on multiplying after their generation, and in conformity with the usages of the country, established long before political economy was even dreamt of, each father transmits his poverty to his children, to be divided in equal shares among them.

We shall not go back to that golden period noted by antiquarians, when the Irish spoke their melodious language in the plains of Shinar;—nor shall we dwell on the hallowed days when the religious houses and schools, founded by the Northmen, (whose influence on the Irish tongue would, perhaps, have been more perceptible to Mr. Moore, if he had been better acquainted with the Northern languages,) mimicked the lustre of learning, and, like a glow-worm on the bog side, threw a portentous glimmering over the surrounding gloom. For the state of Ireland at the close of the fourteenth century, we refer our readers to Froissart (lxi.), and to an account of the expedition of Richard II. into Ireland (in 1399), written by a French officer who accompanied the king, and preserved in the Harleian collection of MSS.† From these respectable authorities, we learn that the country was thinly inhabited, and had barely a trace of cultivation. "The people live in huts and holes; wilder people I never saw," says one author: "They sometimes run away to the woods, and live in huts made of boughs, like wild beasts," says another. Two centuries later, the Irish beyond the Pale, and with whom the English had not practically interfered, do not seem to have made any progress in civilization. Campion, the Jesuit, describes them as living on water-cresses and other wild herbs, and frequently bleeding their kine, of which they had but a poor stock, for the sake of feasting on the coagulated blood. This barbarous custom was perpetuated till our own times. Sir John Davis, referring to the first conquest of Ireland, in the time of Henry II., informs us, "that never any particular person, before or since, did build any stone or brick house for his private habitation, but such as have lately obtained estates, according to the course of the law of England; neither did any of them, in all this time, plant any gardens or orchards, enclose or improve lands, live together in settled villages or towns, nor make any provision for posterity, which, being against all common sense and reason, must needs be imputed to those unreasonable customs [he alludes to the custom of tanistry,] which made the estates so transitory and uncertain." Finally, Spenser tells us, that the Irish were continually engaged in wars and dissensions among themselves, "having never been made to learn obedience unto laws—scarcely to know the name of law." In such a state of things, it is not surprising that the English should almost despair of improving the sister kingdom, or that Mr. Barnabye Rich, in his 'Anothomy of Ireland,' 1612, (Lansdowne MSS.), should exclaim that "the evils of Ireland are bred in the bone."

A century, or a century and a half, later, we find the preliminary step to civilization gained in the complete subjugation of the country, but very little progress made. Making every allowance for the caustic humour of Swift, it is difficult to controvert the perfect accuracy with which he describes the condition of the Irish peasantry in 1720, in the following sentence: "I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I include all cottagers, labourers, and four-fifths of the farmers,) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included." Again, we have very conclusive authority respecting the agricultural state of the kingdom at the same period. The Primate Boulter, in a letter to Lord Carteret, (dated July 20, 1727,) says, "as to the corn and tillage bill, the great damage to the kingdom from landlords tying up their tenants from ploughing, throwing so many families out of work that might be employed in tillage, and the terrible scarcity next to famine that a great part of this kingdom now labours under, by the corn not yielding well last year, and to which we are liable upon any the least accident in our harvest, makes us all very desirous of having it passed; and as it is only five acres out of a hundred that are to be tilled, and that every farmer has two years to lay out his schemes of ploughing, we hope it will not be accounted any hardship to force them to till so small a portion of their land." When we see an act of parliament thus called for to compel the tillage of a twentieth part of the soil then in cultivation, we are quite justified in inferring that the land, at that time under tillage, did not exceed a fortieth part of the cultivable soil of the kingdom. We estimate that the arable lands of Ireland amount at present to at least 9,000,000 acres, or half of the surface of the kingdom, deducting wastes and waters;‡ and

† A translation of this curious narrative, by Mr. Johnes, is printed in the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries, but, writing from memory, we are unable to cite the volume.

‡ The extent of arable land in Ireland has been estimated, in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, at 13,000,000 acres; but this is undoubtedly an exaggeration.

that the produce of the country has increased from thirty to forty fold, while the population has only quadrupled. The quantity of grain exported from Ireland in 1728, was less than a four-hundredth part of that exported in 1825, (29,638 qrs. at the former period; 12,774,442 qrs. at the latter). The increase of cattle and sheep, &c. within the same period, has been nowise inferior to that of tillage—a matter so obvious that we need not dwell a moment on it.

Passions spring up like noxious weeds, and fill the mind, where reason is not cultivated. All men are liable to the contagious virulence of party politics, while very few are capable of thinking for themselves;—hence every turn in the fortune of Ireland has been always explained in the language of bitterness. If we ask why Ireland was so backward and so thinly peopled in the middle of the last century, we are told that the cause was oppression. If we ask why the population, as well as production, has since increased so rapidly, we are again told that it has been owing to oppression. Now Scotland, previous to the year 1760, was in as backward a state as Ireland, and since that time has increased even more rapidly than the latter country; and yet no one thinks of ascribing its progressive developement to oppression. Ireland, it is true, has been harassed by harsh and unjust enactments, and by constant turbulence. But the last was an indigenous evil; while cruel laws were an infliction of a kind which no country has escaped. Fortunately, however, the generous feelings and common sense of mankind invariably regulate (at least, wherever sentiments of liberty exist,) the administration of persecuting laws, when the popular frenzy which enacted them has subsided. The statute book of Ireland is stained with wicked and sanguinary laws, as well as the statute books of most other countries; but there are few countries, we believe, in which those laws, or laws in general, have been less operative than in Ireland. At all events, so far as oppression operated on Ireland, it must have tended to check the increase of population, and therefore could not have conduced to that redundancy which is the great affliction of that country at the present day. Neither is it reasonable to say, that the poverty of Ireland originated in oppression, since indigence is the inseparable concomitant of redundant population. And why should we suppose that the developement of the resources of that country was hindered by bad laws, when we see that this country has constantly made head against the blunders of legislators? All the laws enacted for the purpose of promoting the commerce of England—prohibitive systems, bounty systems, navigation laws, and corn laws—have been again and again proved, by our author among others, to be directly subversive of the ends which they had in view; and yet England, in spite of all these hindrances, has attained an unexampled commercial prosperity. Are we to suppose, then, that Ireland presents an anomalous instance of a country which cannot prosper unless under a perfect code; and that the people, least tractable by the hand of law, are the most obedient to its spirit?

Perhaps Mr. M'Culloch may say, that those who legislated for Ireland, ought to have provided against the too great increase of the lower orders. To this we reply, that such a provision was beyond the legislative wisdom of past times; and also, that the low civilization of the bulk of the Irish people, which made such a provision necessary, ought to be plainly stated at the present day, as the real evil of Ireland. The other malady of her body politic is of a cutaneous nature, and of long standing, filthy and troublesome rather than dangerous, but rendered more noisome by the vermin which burrow the fretted surface.

We have made these observations on the chimerical grievances of Ireland, because nearly all who discuss the affairs of that kingdom, influenced either by a desire to criminate some political party, or by national pride, ascribe the extreme indigence of the great mass of the Irish people to every cause save the true one, which is, the having brought within the pale of the English law, and having facilitated the means of subsistence to, a people much less civilized in the time of Elizabeth, than the English were in the days of Alfred. This is the source of the specific malady of Ireland at the present day. People also forget the effect of contrast; they forget that the increasing refinement and luxury of the present age, sinks squalid poverty to a greater comparative depth; that what was only mean some ages back, is now absolutely revolting; and they are heedlessly led to suppose that the misery of Ireland increases, because it is brought more and more into the light of day, is more the object of attention, is measured by another standard (for poverty, after all, is but relative and conventional), and the Irish poor are more frequently contrasted with the best fed and best clothed peasantry in the world. But the condition of the Irish people has materially improved, although our author confidently writes as follows:—

"The population of Ireland has increased since 1785 with extraordinary rapidity. The wealth of the country has been, no doubt, materially augmented since that epoch; but we doubt whether it has increased in a corresponding proportion. The condition of the great bulk of the people seems to be nearly as depressed at this moment as at any former period."

This is a grievous mis-statement. The population of Ireland has little more than doubled since 1785; but its wealth has quadrupled at least, within the same period. The labouring classes are now decidedly much better off than formerly; their wages have rather risen since 1816, and provisions have grown cheaper. They do not now, as of old, clothe themselves with a cow-hide, nor live on wild herbs, nor bleed their cattle for the sake of the blood; and their humble cabins, fastidiously as English travellers may look at them, are palaces in comparison with the wigwams of their forefathers. There is, certainly, much squalid misery in Ireland, and liability to suffering whenever the potato crop fails; but these circumstances need not prevent a candid man from acknowledging that a material improvement has taken place in the condition of the great body of the Irish people. The middle class has increased; a million and a half has been invested in the Irish savings banks; the cotton manufacture has risen with astonishing rapidity; the linen trade has recently found new markets, and is now more flourishing than ever; and the mercantile interest exults so openly in the augmenting commerce of the country, that nothing short of obstinate perverseness could have induced any one to question its prosperity.

The Book of Human Character. By Charles Bucke, Esq. 2 vols. C. Knight & Co.

The Author of 'The Italians' has been a sufferer in the cause of literature for many years; and we cannot treat so unwearied—we cannot say uncomplaining—a writer with anything like harshness or disrespect. We wish, for his own sake, that all his hard reading could have been turned to a better account; but there is such a genuine sincerity in his attempt to be a good thinker and moral writer, that we should hate ourselves if, in Mr. Bucke, we did not struggle to take the will for the deed. We look upon him as one of the early martyrs of the pen; and, though he has writhed more at the lick of the flame and the scorch of the fire than any of Fox's precious persecuted ones are said to have done, we regard our *devotee* of literature with the respect to which his long agony at the stake entitles him.

It is no exaggeration to say, that to have read the books referred to, and quoted from, in this olio, must have been the work of a man's life. The author must have begun with Cicero, and Seneca, and Socrates, in his cradle,—and, from the knowledge of, and allusions to, modern writers, we gather that he is reading still. Wordsworth's human hint must have been intended for Mr. Bucke;—"Up! up! my friend, and quit your books, or surely you'll grow double!" The one awful student over the Koran, in Zobeida's petrified city, was not a more persevering and undisturbed reader.

Perchance he does not apply his reading to the best of purposes;—but, with the best of intentions, he applies to his reading. Instead of allowing the fountain of his own mind to flow and sparkle forth to refresh mankind, he passes all his time in carrying his pitcher to other gentlemen's wells, and contrives, with the ingenuity of a luckless water-carrier, to spill and splash nearly all that he obtains by the way.

Some of Mr. Bucke's anecdotes are interesting, and many of his references are curious;—and the very names of the poets, philosophers, and painters, scattered through the two volumes, make them precious! We know not how the work came to be called 'The Book of Human Character.' It might as well—indeed better—have been entitled Andrews's, or Hookham's Library Catalogue. Wordsworth says, indeed, "Books are a real world;" and we presume, therefore, that Mr. Bucke thinks all the men and women in it are but a set of odd volumes.

And now for a touch of Human Character. We may "dip as sailors do for salt pork," to use the phrase in 'Horace in London,' and first, as to Men

Who call Names.

"George the Third had a great dislike to making Lord Camden (after his return from Ireland) a Knight of the Garter; and inquiring his name—'What, what! John Jeffreys! the first Knight of the Garter, I verily believe, that was ever called John Jeffreys!' For this anecdote we are indebted to Wraxall's Memoirs.

"Things are the same, call them by what names we will. The reefs and sand-banks of the sea are no other than submarine hills and mountains; and the rose, as our ardent friend Romeo learnedly assures us,

By any other name would smell as sweet.

"We may have some idea of the frightful depravity of manners, during the reign of Louis XV., from a passage in Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary. 'The word adultery is never pronounced. We do not say, Madame la Duchesse lives in adultery with Monsieur le Chevalier; Madame la Marquise has a criminal intimacy with Monsieur l'Abbé; but we say, Monsieur l'Abbé is, this week, the lover of Madame la Marquise.'

"Now let us see what kind of thing the Duke of Otranto dignified with the name of liberty. 'The war is at an end,' wrote he to Collot d'Herbois, 'if we know how to avail ourselves of this memorable victory. Let us be terrible, that we may not be in danger of becoming weak or cruel; let us destroy in our wrath, and at one blow, all rebels, conspirators, and traitors; to spare ourselves the anguish, the tedious misery, of punishing them as kings. Let us execute justice as nature does; let us avenge ourselves as a people; let us strike like the thunderbolt, and annihilate the ashes of our foes, that they may not pollute the soil of liberty.' It must be confessed that Monsieur Fouché was well worthy the times in which he was permitted to arrive at the honours of a dukedom.

"The calling of names is always indicative of a

weak, degenerate cause. Thus, when the Latitudinarians were held in abhorrence, even such men as Hales, Chillingworth, More, Cudworth, and Tillotson were styled Socinians, Deists, and even Atheists; and that not only by Roman Catholics, but by the more rigid of their own persuasion.

"Some are greatly offended, however, with names and epithets, which are, in fact, titles of honour. The English, for instance, were exceedingly offended at Napoleon's calling them 'shopkeepers;' how absurdly, may be learned from the explanation he afterwards gave. 'I meant,' said he to O'Meara, 'that you were a nation of merchants; and that all your great riches and your grand resources arose from commerce. What else constitutes the riches of England?' If it is a miserable thing to be ashamed of our trade, calling, or profession; it is still worse to be ashamed of our hopes, virtues, opportunities, and qualifications."

And again of Men

Who are like only in one Thing.

"The dog, the wolf, the jackall, and the corsac, are all modifications of the same species; their resemblances, therefore, are multitudinous.

"Certain blues and greens by candle-light are frequently taken for each other. The one is blue, the other green, nevertheless.

"Sir William Wadd, to whom we owe 'Rider's Dictionary,' 'Hooker's Polity,' and 'Gruter's Inscriptions,' and who was removed from the governorship of the Tower to make way for Sir Gervase Elways, who murdered Sir Thomas Overbury in the reign of James I., kept a friend to admonish him whenever he saw anything amiss in his conduct. This associates him with Philip of Macedon.

Sargon resembles Cardinal de Retz and Madame de Beverweert; he never sleeps so well as when under affliction. If Cardinal de Carbonne resembled Catherine de Medicis in having an antipathy to the odour of roses, though partial to all other flowers, few women resemble Marshal Suwarrow, in having a strong dislike to looking-glasses.

"Cosmo de Medici and John de Medici, also, resembled each other in one thing. Though they could play, as it were, on many instruments, they took care to play only on one at a time. Marcilius Ficinus asserts of the former, that neither Midas nor Crassus were more avaricious. The latter was above all disguise; and, therefore, made no secret of the maxim, that a people are enriched by being compelled to pay additional taxes.

"Some resemble in character the styles of various architects and painters. This is distinguished by boldness, strength, manliness, and majesty, like Julio Romano; some by delicacy, ease, and elegance, like Correggio; and others by symmetry, and the blending of ornament with beauty, like Palladio. Some converse with great apparent depth; and yet, when analyzed, are found to prove nothing; thereby reminding us of 'Warburton's Divine Legation of Moses,' a work pregnant with ingenuity, labour, and learning; yet illuminated by scarcely one solitary demonstration.

"Some men resemble each other in certain points and arguments, and then separate, as it were, to such a distance, as to baffle all attempts to associate them. We may instance Newton and Des Cartes. Two attempts, nevertheless, have been made to reconcile the opposing tenets of these philosophers: the one by Luzac of Leyden; the other by Father Paulian, Professor of Physic in the College of Avignon. It was vain, however, for the latter to entitle his Essay a 'Traité de Paix entre Descartes et Newton.' Their systems never can be reconciled.

"Charles V. and Donne (the poet) resembled each other, also, in one point. Charles, as every one knows, had his obsequies performed previous to his death. Donne, after a similar manner, caused himself to be wrapped in a sheet, like a shroud, up to the head, closed his eyes, and desired an artist to take his portrait in that posture, in order to remind him perpetually of death. Thus the gladiator exhausts

—His mighty heart in one last sigh;
And rallies all life's energies to die.—*Chinnery.*

The following is amiable, if it be not very new:—

Who take appropriate Distances, &c.

"There are many beautiful spots in the vicinity of London; near Hampstead, for instance, Highgate, Dulwich, Sydenham, and Shooter's Hill; but he who should celebrate them would almost render himself ridiculous; so indifferent are men to what they continually behold or hear of. It is thus, perhaps, at Paris and Vienna. But at Edinburgh, at Florence, at Rome, and at Naples, it is otherwise.

"When I contemplate the calm and innocent delight that is derived from acts of benevolence, I am led to wonder that men should not be led to devote half their fortunes to benevolent purposes. But when I remember the general ingratitude of mankind, I almost wonder they should contribute a single sou. Happy are those who have power to see and to feel, that ingratitude in some ought never to be used as a shield against the misfortunes of others. We may learn something, too, from the circumstance, that the perfumes of flowers are sweeter, when wafted by the air, than when close under our windows. Madame de Maintenon frequently exclaimed, 'I have seen things too near.' In respect to distance, well is it for those whose views of men and things open by little and little. For if many things are invisible to us from ignorance, others become equally so by the extent of our knowledge. Thus Uranus is but little known, because of its remoteness from the sun; and Mercury still less because of its proximity.

"The apple-blossom is very beautiful when near, but at a distance it loses most of its variety and richness. Many cities, on the contrary, especially in Asia, Africa, and South America, seem beautiful at a distance, but then it is only at a distance. On approaching them closely, everything presents an appearance of ruin, filth, poverty, and wretchedness. Friends and enemies, in the same manner, stand too near our monuments to measure their proportions. Enemies sketch a lion or a serpent; friends draw portraits of friends as they do of their mistresses. There is truth or justice in neither.

"Princes should be contemplated nearly. Seen from a distance, even bad ones excite an imposing veneration; but, examined closely, they but too often present materials, like those of a modern ruin, in which there is neither beauty nor strength, utility nor magnificence."

There is no careless writing, if there be nothing forcible and original. To be sure, at p. 297 of the first volume Mr. Bucke describes himself as doing that which is *unusual*. In recording an anecdote of Buonaparte he says—

"This account has never been denied, at least to my knowledge, and I have kept myself on the *watch* to *hear* it. It may descend, therefore, to posterity."

This *looking out* for a *listen* is not in strict keeping.

These two volumes are proofs of the stacks that may be got together by an industrious *gleaner*. A great deal of straw is amassed, no doubt, and numberless empty ears are picked up, but there is grain if it be threshed out, though it will need some further process before it becomes nutritive bread for the mind!

THE ANNUALS FOR 1837.

A few of these gay books still remain undisposed of. As the last lingerers of a family more than usually numerous and importunate, we must dismiss them briefly. Yet none have advanced claims to notice more sterling than the first on the list—Mr. Watts's *Cabinet of Modern Art*. We have already recorded our testimony as to the matchless excellence of the series of engravings which the present volume contains, and could yet add a few words on the subject, much to our own pleasure; but we must spare them for its literary contents. These, though contributed by few hands, and deprived of the feature which gave this Annual of late years a peculiar and artistic character—its critical sketches of modern painters—are interesting, and, as a whole, good. Among the prose we were much pleased with 'The King's Fête,' by the author of 'Chantilly'; and 'The Painter's Page,' by the author of 'The Reformer.' Mr. Hansard's paper on Archery, too, is amusing; and William Howitt's 'Cottage Life,' though not perhaps the best sketch of the kind which he has published, is full of freshness and eloquence—a delightful chapter, from a delightful book. Mary Howitt, Miss Landon, and Miss Montagu, stand first, by courtesy, among the poets; but in the number, and, we may add, the excellence of his verses, Mr. T. K. Hervey takes the lead. We would quote his 'Fantoccini Boy, in Rome,' (a pleasant thing, in the sentimental sarcastic style,) were not our columns, this week, more than usually crowded. The two following quatuorzains are more manageable: though somewhat vague, they are very musical:—

Venice, the Bride.

The old, wide world, amid her thousand tales,
Hath none like thine, and nothing like to thee!
A city rocking in the Ocean gales,
And sitting, like a swan, upon the sea!
Along whose star-lit domes and stately halls
Stole the strange echoes of the dim, deep caves,
While the green fairies by her marble halls,
In the still moonlight, wandered with the waves;
No whirl of wheel nor tramp of charger rang,
'Mid whispering voices and 'mid gliding feet,
The stars were lighted, and the sea-breeze sang,
And the wild wave went murmuring through her street;
And dream-like music, haunting heart and ride,
Filled all her happy nights—when Venice was a bride!

Venice, the Widow.

And, *still*, that strange old city of the deep—
Paved by the ocean, painted by the moon—
Shows, like a vision of the haunted sleep,
Some heart was lulled to by a fairy tune!
But sorrow sitteth in its soulless eyes—
The same proud beauty with its spirit gone!
And—spanned to-day by *many* a "Bridge of Sighs"—
The sea goes moaning through their flutes of stone—
Gone the glad singing in its lighted halls,
The merry masque, and serenade apart,
And o'er their own dark shadows brood its walls,
Like memories brooding in a broken heart!
And Venice hath the veil upon her brow,
Where sat, of old, the crown:—she is a widow now!

Allan Cunningham's 'Address of the Duke of Wellington to his Companions,' would sound in fine bold contrast to the above verses—a "point of war" after a barcarole. We should have liked, too, to make room for Mr. Webbe's 'Ladybird,' but we must leave them to our readers, and pass on at once to—

Heath's *Drawing-room Portfolio*. Here, too, we have already spoken of the illustrations; it only remains, then, for us to add a word concerning the verses with which Lady Blessington has accompanied the subjects—one or two of which must have tried her versatility severely. How she has acquitted herself may be judged from the following lines:—

To my Portrait.

A Portrait is a melancholy thing—
It tells of separation, and of death:
Even as we gaze on it we feel the while
How long it may survive the face that lent
Its form and features to the mimic shade.
Oh! could it speak to those we love, when we
Are laid within the grave—could our fond thoughts,
That looked through loving eyes, still linger there,
To soothe who mourn us fled; 'twere not so sad
To look upon an image of oneself—
But to behold that cold and changeless eye;
That life, that knows, nor smiles, nor greetings kind;
And think that some who loved us yet may dwell,
With fond regret, upon this pictured face,
Until they think 'twill speak—and question it
With every word to past endearment known!
Then shrink back sadly—meeting no reply!
'Tis this that makes a Portrait ever seem,
To thoughtful minds, a melancholy thing.

The German Tourist; edited by Prof. O. L. B. Wolff and Dr. H. Doering; translated by H. E. Lloyd, Esq. Illustrated with seventeen engravings, by A. G. Vickers.—This volume must, we suppose, be received as the first of a series, a few German towns only being included within its compass. The chief of these are Lubeck, Hamburgh, Berlin, and Dantzic—three of which have hitherto been more highly esteemed by the commercial traveller than the rambler in quest of the romantic. And yet, if we are to judge by Mr. Vickers's drawings, they contain buildings as picturesque, and costumes as characteristic, as their more renowned rivals of the south. The subjects of the series, as il-

lustrations, are well rendered by their artist, with the drawback of some slight tendency to error in the management of his perspective (we allude particularly to the comparative *heights* of the buildings). The letter-press which accompanies them is more substantial in quality than the prose with which our Landscape Annuals are, for the most part, ballasted;—the names of its writers being a guarantee for its value and correctness; and we cannot do better than recommend 'The German Tourist' as an useful and ornamental *vade-mecum* to all such as may be disposed to visit that part of the Continent to which it is devoted.

The Andalusian Annual for 1837, edited by Michael Burke Honan, Esq., carries us at once to a climate more genial, and scenes more romantic, than those to which our last paragraph refers. It is a miscellany of anecdote, verse, music, and costume drawings, (we have purposely kept the best feature of the volume to mention last,) agreeably strung together by a lively and ready writer. The illustrative figures, which are carefully-coloured fac-similes of drawings, by Becquer, of Seville, are, perhaps, too superabundant in action and colour—have a little too much of the attitudes and complexion of the stage; but they are full of life, character, and nationality, and form an excellent series, which would, of itself, be sufficient to recommend the work, did it not contain tales to read, and verse to repeat, and music to sing: the last, however, we are sorry to say, is very incorrectly printed.

Last, and gayest in its arabesque binding, comes the *Pictorial Album*, whose specimen plates we mentioned some weeks ago. Had we been the proprietors, we would have put forth the 'Cleopatra', or the 'Medora,' or the 'Interview between Jeannie Deans and the Queen,' as our heralds; for these are the best things in the book, though there is to be remarked in them, too, a certain rawness and glare, which, we fear, is inseparable from the style in which they are executed. We have only room to add, that the illustrative poetry is far better than the prose; it is unsigned, but we believe we are not wrong in attributing it to Miss Landon. The introductory sketch, containing some notices of the art of printing in oil colours, is the most valuable thing in the volume.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Journal of a Tour to Moscow, by the Rev. R. B. Paul.—This is an unpretending narrative, and we are unwilling to say anything that might give the writer pain,—but why publish it? What could any man glean worth submitting to the public, in *an eight weeks'* run from London to Moscow and back again? The account of the Russian baths, though not new, is the best specimen we can offer.

"The room into which I was ushered was a small neat dressing-room, warmed to a temperature of 80° of Fahrenheit, (which might be increased or diminished at pleasure by opening the door of the bath room, or the window of the dressing room) and furnished with a sofa, chairs, &c. I undressed immediately and walked into the bath room, the floor of which although only at a temperature of 100 degrees, seemed to me insufferably hot.

"In one corner of this room stood a large stove, which reached almost to the ceiling. On the side of this stove were four wooden shelves or stages, one above another, each furnished with a rest for the head. The temperature increases as you ascend. Whether I was not fully aware of this, or whether in my agitation I had forgotten it, I do not know; but so it was, that before I had been in the room a minute, I found myself on the highest shelf, from which I made I believe hardly more than one step to the floor, for the heat seemed at that time unendurable, even for a moment: the truth is, that until the perspiration is completely established, a sensation of fever is felt, with burning of the head and throbbing of the arteries; but when the pores are once opened, every uneasy sensation ceases, and you mount from stage to stage, wishing every two or three minutes for an increase of heat, until at last you actually find yourself, as I did, lying on the highest stage of all, at a temperature of 124° without feeling the slightest inconvenience.

"On the shelves which surround the room there is an array of bright brass basons; and on one side are two brass cocks which supply cold and warm water, and a pipe with a large rose, which acts as a shower bath.

"I went to the bath many times after this, and feeling much more at my ease, I proceeded regularly in the operation. First I mounted one of the lower shelves, and after remaining there a few minutes, I descended to the floor and washed the whole of my body in cold water. I then lathered myself from head to foot with soap, rubbing every part of the body with a handful of the soft inner bark of the linden tree. After a second sprinkling of cold water, I mounted to the highest stage, and immediately the perspiration streamed from every pore in such profusion that I could hardly believe I had wiped myself dry before I mounted the stage. So case-hardened had I now become, that I sat some minutes on the top of the stove at a temperature of 132° without feeling more inconvenience than I had experienced when I first entered the bath room. But I found afterwards that I had by no means felt the highest degree of heat which a Russian bath is capable of affording; for when I was in one at Moscow, our Italian valet de place suddenly entered the room, and seizing a large vessel of water, dashed the contents into the furnace, which is filled with hot cannon balls. Unfortunately I had not then my thermometer by me, but from the sensation I experienced, I should think the heat for two or three seconds could not have been much less than 170 degrees."

Mrs Maberly, or the World as it will be.—The novel before us is offensive by its dullness, offensive from the conceit of its author, offensive from its impossibility: it may however have been put together with an eye to the amusement of the readers of 2036; and we gladly make it over to them.

Pawsey's Ladies' Repository.—A neat little pocket-book, published at Ipswich, and got up after the old fashion, with tales, poetry, anagrams, enigmas, and engravings of scenes and places of local interest.

List of New Books.—Hood's Comic Annual, 12*s.* hlf-bd.—Cabinet of Modern Art and Literary Souvenir, 8vo. 21*s.*; proofs, 2*l.* 2*s.*—Sketches by Boz, 2nd series, 8vo. 15*s.* cl.—Walton's Revolutions in Spain, from 1808 to 1836, 2 vols. 8vo. 30*s.* cl.—Without Faith, without God, by J. Barclay, A.M. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Twenty four Bible Stories for very Little Children, sq. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Prior's Life of Oliver Goldsmith, 2 vols. 8vo. 30*s.* bds.—Wharncliffe's Letters and Works of Lady Mary W. Montagu, 3 vols. 8vo. 42*s.* cl.—An Atlas of the Divisions of the House of Commons, 1836, 4to. 3*s.* 6*d.* swd.; 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Pearson on the Discourses of Our Lord, royal 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Manfred, and the Prisoner of Chillon, illustrated by Thrupp, 4to. 14*s.* cl.—A Treatise on Penmanship; or the Lady's Self-Instructor, by W. Dove, 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Britain's Plea for Sailors, 18mo. 2*s.* cl.—The Great Seals of England, demy folio, prints, 2*l.* 10*s.*; proofs, 3*l.* 15*s.* cl.—Harrison's Digest of Cases in the House of Lords, 3 vols. 8vo. 4*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Addenda to Harrison's Digest, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Smith's Miner's Guide, 12mo. cl. with large col. Chart on roller. 3*l.* 3*s.*—Napoleon Gallery, cr. 8vo. 16*s.* cl.—Coglan's Visit to London, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Robson's Walk; or the Pleasures of Literary Association, 12mo. 3*s.* cl.—Chitty's Equity Index of all Reported Cases, Statutes, &c. 4 vols. royal 8vo. 5*l.* 5*s.* bds.—Ramsay on Government, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—Wright's Purgatorio of Dante, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Williams's Aerial Sights and Sounds, 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Williams's Visible History of England, Part II. & III. in 1 vol. 6*s.*; complete 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Conversations on Nature and Art, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Spirit of Chambers's Journal, Vol. IV. 12mo. 4*s.* cl.—Harcourt's Adventures of a Cotton Tree, 18mo. 2*s.* cl.—Harcourt's Adventures of a Coal Mine, 18mo. 2*s.* cl.—Harcourt's Adventures of a Sugar Plantation, 2*s.* cl.—Little Tales for Little Heads and Hearts, sq. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Strickland's Floral Sketches, sq. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Seymour on Dropsy, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—South on the Bones, engravings by Baston, fc. 3rd edit. 7*s.* cl.—Quin's Historical Atlas, 2nd edit. demy 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* hlf-bd.—Christian Lady's Magazine, Vol. VI. 7*s.* cl.—East India Register, for 1837, 10*s.* swd.—Bridges on the Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, 12th edit. 12mo. 7*s.* bds.—Wakefield's Five Hundred Charades, 2nd series, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—The Nautical Magazine, Vol. V. 1836, 13*s.* 6*d.* cl.—The English Bijou Almanack, 1837, 1*s.* 6*d.* pl.; 3*s.* fine.—Edinburgh Almanac, 1837, 18mo. 4*s.* bd.—The Meteorological Almanac, 1837, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Rhymes for Youthful Historians, sq. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Peacock's Syllabus of Trigonometry, 2nd edit. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Cooper's Residence in France, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 21*s.* bds.—Pharmacopœia Londinensis, demy 8vo. new edit. 9*s.* cl.; royal 32mo. 5*s.* swd.—Leigh's Road Book of England and Wales, 18mo. 9*s.*; with maps, 12*s.* 6*d.* bd.—Easy Poetry for Children, fc. 4*s.* cl.—Bernays' German Poetry, fc. 4*s.* cl.

Meteorological Observations made at the Apartments of the Royal Society, Somerset House, for 37 *successive hours, commencing* 6 A.M. *of the* 21*st of Dec.* 1836, *and ending* 6 P.M. *of the following day.*

(*Greenwich mean time.*)

By Mr. J. D. Roberton, Assistant Secretary, Royal Society.

Hours of Observation.	Barom. corrected.	Attach. Ther.	Ext. Ther.	Rain in Inches.	Wind.	REMARKS.
6, A.M.	30.271	45.7	41.0		SSW	Foggy—deposition—light wind.
7, ..	30.273	45.8	41.2		SSW	Ditto ditto.
8, ..	30.269	45.7	42.0		SSW	Ditto ditto.
9, ..	30.279	46.0	42.8		SSW	Ditto ditto.
10, ..	30.293	46.2	44.3		SW	Ditto ditto.
11, ..	30.291	46.4	45.1		WSW	Ditto ditto.
12, ..	30.281	46.7	45.8		W	Ditto ditto.
1, P.M.	30.287	47.0	46.5		W	Ditto ditto.
2, ..	30.292	47.2	46.3		W	Overcast—light wind and fog.
3, ..	30.285	47.2	46.3		W	Ditto ditto.
4, ..	30.294	47.0	46.2		WSW	Ditto ditto.
5, ..	30.293	47.0	46.4		SW	Ditto ditto.
6, ..	30.296	47.0	46.7			Ditto ditto.
7, ..	30.311	47.0	47.0			Ditto ditto.
8, ..	30.320	47.0	46.8			Ditto ditto.
9, ..	30.329	47.2	46.9			Ditto ditto.
10, ..	30.340	47.2	46.4			Ditto ditto.
11, ..	30.348	47.0	45.7			Dark broken clouds—light wind and fog.
12, ..	30.346	47.0	45.0		SW	Ditto ditto.
1, A.M.	30.348	46.0	44.6		SW	Ditto ditto.
2, ..	30.356	46.7	44.8		SW	Ditto ditto.
3, ..	30.362	46.8	45.0		SW	Ditto ditto.
4, ..	30.356	46.7	45.2		SW	Ditto ditto.
5, ..	30.354	46.7	45.0		SW	Ditto ditto.
6, ..	30.348	46.6	45.0		SW	Ditto ditto.
7, ..	30.352	46.7	44.6		SW	Ditto ditto.
8, ..	30.368	46.4	43.0		SW	Ditto ditto.
9, ..	30.378	46.4	42.8		SW	Ditto ditto.
10, ..	30.388	46.3	43.5		SW	Ditto ditto.
11, ..	30.378	46.5	44.0		SW	Ditto ditto. [SE.
12, ..	30.354	46.7	45.0		SW	A very dark cloud taking its course rapidly to
1, P.M.	30.321	47.1	45.4		SW	Much lighter, but still very cloudy.
2, ..	30.294	47.2	46.0		SW	Cloudy—light wind.
3, ..	30.273	47.3	46.4		SW	Ditto ditto.
4, ..	30.245	47.3	46.5		SW	Ditto ditto.
5, ..	30.220	47.3	46.8		SW	Ditto ditto.
6, ..	30.190	47.3	47.6			Ditto ditto.
	30.313	46.7	44.6			

We have received a letter from Dr. Callan, in reply to the letter of Mr. M'Gauley, from which it appears that these gentlemen are likely to be at issue about facts. Under these circumstances we must decline all further communications on the subject, as unsuited to the character of this Journal. In justice, however, to Dr. Callan, we shall insert the first sentence of his letter, wherein he briefly puts forth his claim as an original discoverer.

"*To the Editor of the Athenæum.*

"Maynooth College, Dec. 16, 1836.

"SIR,—I have just seen, in the last number of the Athenæum, a letter from the Rev. Mr. M'Gauley, which professes to correct what he supposes an error of the public prints, in attributing to me certain improvements in electro-magnetism, which he considers as his own. The improvements ascribed to me consist in the discovery of a method of making an electro-magnet, from the helix of which, with a few voltaic circles, an electric current of enormous intensity may be obtained; secondly, in having actually made such an electro magnet; and thirdly, in having constructed a machine, by which the electric currents excited in the magnetic helix are made to succeed each other so rapidly, as to produce the effects of a continuous current. These, as far as I have learned, were the only discoveries ascribed to me; and these, each and all, were made without the aid of a single suggestion from Mr. M'Gauley. * * *

"I have the honour to remain, &c.

"NICHOLAS CALLAN."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

A circumstance has just been communicated to us, which, we think, deserves to be made known to the public. The late amiable artist, Mr. Westall, notwithstanding the unprosperous state of his own affairs, was accustomed to allow his sister 80*l.* a year. At his death this unfortunate lady, herself blind, was left utterly destitute. A subscription was immediately set on foot among those persons to whom she was known, but, of course, such relief could only be temporary. In the meantime, however, an account of Miss Westall's desolate condition having reached the ear of the Duchess of Kent, she most beneficently settled on the sufferer an annual pension of 100*l.*—20*l.* of which she has directed to be appropriated for creating a fund to meet emergencies.

The 6th number of the 'Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society,' just published, contains a very learned sketch of the kingdom of Pándya, in Southern India, known to classical scholars as the *Regio Pandionis* of the Roman historians; several miscellaneous papers of great interest to Indian antiquarians, and two contributions from native writers, which have strong claims to public attention. The first, by the late Ram Raz, native Judge in Mysore, on the introduction of trial by jury into the local courts of India, is a gratifying proof that the Hindús are beginning to understand and appreciate the principles of constitutional freedom; the second, by Simon Casí Chitty, Maráyagar of Putlam, is a very graphic description of the manners and customs of the Moors of Ceylon. In the paper on the land tenures of the Deccan, by Colonel Sykes, we regret to find that the Society has departed from its useful rule of following a uniform system in the orthography of Oriental words. Nothing has been a greater impediment to the progress of our knowledge respecting Asia, than the jarring systems of orthography adopted by successive writers; the same word is not recognizable in two different authors; caprice extends not merely to vowels, but to consonants, and the mere English reader must keep a glossary of parallel columns, if he wishes to recognize old acquaintances under the varying forms given them by Jones, Gilchrist, &c. This variety is too vexatious to be charming,—"it is a bad custom, we pray you avoid it."

We see it announced in the French papers, that M. Landois, a member of the Académie Française, is superintending the publication of a supplement to the 'Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française,' to contain the important addition of all technical terms, whether in science, the arts, literature, diplomacy, strategy, navigation, theology, mychology, philosophy natural and moral, commerce, manufactures, mechanics, heraldry, sports, &c. &c. as well as archaisms and neologisms. A similar work, to contain all these *desiderata*, is also in course of publication in Italy.

In turning over the monthly lists of new publications attached to some of the Italian periodicals, we observe such innumerable "certain cures for the cholera," that it really seems wonderful why the Neapolitans persist in dying of it. *Au reste*, the late lists are but little interesting. We observe, too, from the northern journals, that all Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer's novels have been translated into Danish, and that he is as popular in Copenhagen as in Germany, where he figures in every bookseller's window, from Vienna to Berlin.

Our musical friends will be interested to hear of certain changes and modifications, with regard to the subscription, which are about to be tried next season, in the Philharmonic Society. The number of subscribers is to be diminished by fifty (the average number of yearly resignations); the transfer of tickets, which was last season attended with much inconvenience, is to be rendered much more strict and exclusive: while, on the other hand, the Concerts are to be opened to strangers, by the issue of a limited number of single guinea tickets for each performance, as at the Antient Concert. We heartily approve of the last measure; being, on principle, opposed to the shutting-out system, save where it is proved to be absolutely necessary.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Dec. 17.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Munster, V.P., in the chair.—Several donations to the library were laid upon the table. W. Oliver, Esq., of the Madras Civil Service, was elected a Resident Member.

A paper was read 'On the Antiquity of the Armenian Language,' written by an Armenian named Arratoon Isaac Aganoor, in which the writer endeavours to prove that his native tongue was the original language of the world, and was spoken in Paradise by Adam. The argument on which he founds his opinion is briefly this: that Noah, who spoke the language of Adam, is generally admitted to have settled in Armenia, where the ark undoubtedly rested; that he, and those who remained with him, took no part in the building of the tower of Babel, and, consequently, were exempted from the confusion of tongues; and that the language of that country has remained the same, or has, at least, suffered little change, from the time of Noah to the present day. He corroborates his argument by the fact that there are many names of places in that part of Asia which have significations in the Armenian language referring to the circumstances that attended the cessation of the Deluge; among others, that of *Arnohwote*, which means, "Noah placed foot," and *Nakhijwan*, signifying "first halting-place." The writer concluded by observing, that the beauty and singular perfection of the Armenian language, its peculiar significancy and great variety of expression, gave it a claim, beyond all other languages, to be considered the original language of the earth.

The other paper read was on the subject of the applicability to India of the principles of political economy as received in Europe; by W. C. Bruce, Esq., of the Bombay Civil Service.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Dec. 22.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The Rev. J. B. Myles, Rev. S. Fox, Mr. F. W. Fletcher, and Mr. C. Roche Smith, were elected Fellows.

A communication was read from Mr. Amyott, accompanied with a drawing of a monumental stone, from a mausoleum at *Thugga*, near Tunis, and a copy of the inscription thereon, which was transmitted by Sir Thomas Reade, British Consul at Tunis, in reply to a request from the author. Although the same stone had been previously described by Sir Grenville Temple, and Borgia, the inscription given by each was very incorrect; and as the bulk of the stone was too great to allow it to be transmitted to England, this drawing was carefully made by a young German artist, under the superintendence of Sir Thomas Reade. Accompanying this were also drawings of two other monumental stones, from Carthage; and the latter gentleman stated that so abundant were the remains of monuments and inscriptions in this part of the continent, that it would amply repay the labour of any Society who would send over a competent person for the purpose of examining them.—The remainder of Mr. Bruce's paper on the Life and Character of Sir Thomas More, including a copy of his sentence of condemnation, was also read; after which the meeting adjourned over the Christmas holidays, to January 12.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

Dec. 20.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—A paper was read from Mr. Babington, being a description of those species of *Polygonum* and *Fagopyrum* found in the Himalayan Mountains, which are noticed in the Herbarium of Professor Royle.—The chairman exhibited two specimens of wood of which the *Gibraltar*, 80 gun ship, was built. One of these was the *Pinus Occidentalis*, or Pitch Pine, and the other the common cedar. The former has previously been known only in the highest parts of St. Domingo, but Mr. Macleay latterly describes having seen whole forests composed of it in different parts of the Island of Cuba, where this vessel proves to have been built.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—*Dec.* 19.—C. Barry, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The Secretary read a letter from Mr. Wallace, announcing a donation of 89*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, being the proceeds of the shares of ten of the candidates at the exhibition of the designs for the new Houses of Parliament, for which the special thanks of the meeting were ordered to be recorded. Mr. John Britton read a paper on the application of the style and character of Monastic Architecture to modern mansions, with a particular reference to Toddington Park, the seat of C. H. Tracy, Esq. Mr. Britton commenced his essay by tracing the decline of the monastic architecture on the dissolution of religious houses by Henry VIII., and the substitution of the Italian style by Holbein, John of Padua, &c.; and pursued the history of the art to the revival of Gothic, in the reign of George III., under the auspices of Walpole, Warburton, Bentham, and others. From the attempts at imitation made by Walpole at Strawberry Hill, and by other amateurs of that time, he turned, with congratulation, to the greatly improved and extended knowledge of the style so pre-eminently manifested in the recent competition for designs for the new Houses of Parliament. In the course of this short sketch Mr. Britton criticised the works of Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, and the late Mr. Wyatt, and expressed his opinion, that the architecture of the Middle Ages was more appropriate to this country, and to the wants of its inhabitants, than the Classical, Pagan Temple architecture of ancient Greece and Rome.

Mr. Donaldson explained the geological phenomena connected with the origin and source of porphyry, sienite, serpentine, and other rare marbles used in architectural embellishments; and a letter was also read from Mr. Davis, accompanied with specimens of an imitation black marble, which was said to be very durable, and well able to resist the action of heat.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES. { Zoological Society (*Scien. Business*) ½ p. Eight.
Medical and Chirurgical Society .... ½ p. Eight.
Architectural Society ..... Eight.

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IN spite of the host of "noveltics in preparation" (to borrow three words from our dramatic friends) for the New Year, we are followed even to the last hours of the old one by a more than usually numerous company of works of art. Though somewhat puzzled to decide how they may be most briefly disposed of, we are glad to welcome them, as evidences of increasing prosperity and enterprise.

The first which has opened itself to us, is *Amelia awaiting the return of her Husband*, engraved by Bromley, after Prentis.—The patient, unreproaching sadness of expectation, is well expressed in her melancholy countenance and drooping figure. She has put her work aside,—her child's rattle lies unnoticed on the floor,—and, after having made every little preparation and provision for the comfort of the truant, there remains for her nothing but to lean against the window, looking out mournfully, thinking that the hour never will go by, and yet unwilling to admit that she has watched long. This is a sad scene of every-day life and trial, cleverly painted and carefully engraved.

The Proffered Kiss, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, completed by Wyatt, and engraved by Doo, is one of those groups of children which are still un-

equalled by any of our rising aspirants, and yet by no means the best work of its kind executed by the late President: the younger child being rather indifferent than disinclined to receive the kiss pressed upon her by her livelier companion. There is, however, enough of the sweet, serious, sprightly look of infancy—enough of its unprompted grace of attitude about both the parties concerned, to make us return to them with pleasure again and again; and the more so as Mr. Doo has done his part well—a careless or ineffective engraving signed with his name would indeed be a novelty.

Next come a pair of portraits of *The Right Hon. T. S. Spring Rice* and *Mr. Pryme*, engraved by Wagstaff, after Gregg. We cannot much admire these; the artist has thrust the faces of both gentlemen into the same mould, thereby giving them a characterless formality of expression, which is the last thing we wish to see in portraiture. Jackson's head of the late *George Colman*, engraved by Lupton, is infinitely better, and appears opportunely at the present time.

A print, named *Logic*, engraved by Sherman, after C. H., is a failure. Four men in gowns and trencher-caps, thrusting out their arms like so many prize-fighters, are but an insufficient illustration of the quibbling strophe which serves as their motto. With this, as being the only other single print before us, we may couple Mr. Daniell's mezzotint of the *Wreck of the Clarendon East Indiaman*, which, we are told, was sketched on the spot.

Pugin's Examples of Gothic Architecture: Third Series.—The Vicar's Close, at Wells.—This is the first, if properly encouraged, of a series of Illustrations in continuation of 'Pugin's Examples of Gothic Architecture,' and it is every way worthy of that justly admired work. The accurate sketches by Mr. Welby Pugin have been admirably engraved by Mr. Bury, and the descriptive and historical account of the building ably written by Mr. Walker. We are sorry to hear, from the report of the latter, of the neglected and ruinous condition of this beautiful structure. "It would," he observes, "naturally enough be supposed, after so munificent a gift by the founder, and so many valuable additions to the temporalities and comforts of the inhabitants by subsequent benefactors, that a true spirit of gratitude would have been manifested among the successors of those immediately receiving so sumptuous an asylum with many other benefits, and that their first care would have been to retain, as much as possible, the pristine beauty of the several buildings composing their college. But, alas, how lamentably the reverse of this has been the case! The Chapel is in disuse, and filled with lumber; the ceiling of the Hall hanging down in large patches; the rooms underneath converted into a malting-house; the houses modernized with common sash-windows, bastard Italian doors, and plain parapets; and a common shop front, within a few weeks, inserted under the beautiful little oriel window at the very entrance to the Close, and this by one of their own body." We trust that this exposure of Vandalism will have some beneficial influence on the said Vicars, or those in authority over them. We ought, perhaps, to add, that the volume, though only a part of a contemplated work, is yet complete in itself.

Messrs. Goury & Jones are proceeding spiritedly with their *Plans, Elevations, and Sections of the Alhambra*, Nos. 2 and 3 of which publication are now before us, containing a series of specimens of the luxury of ornament, such as, we suspect, it would be difficult to draw from any other source. They are most carefully and delicately executed, and eminently worthy of study by the decorators of these days; many of whom, in adopting this gorgeous, but difficult style, have too much overlooked one point most essential to its effect—the judicious admixture and contrast of gay colours.

Nothing can be better of their kind than Mr. Harding's pencil sketches. In his *Portfolio for* 1837 he has, perhaps, hardly collected so choice a series of subjects as usual, but they are treated with his usual truth, and ease and freedom; and will be most valuable to the student. The last item waiting for notice is poor Seymour's *Illustrations to the Book of Christmas*. We cannot part better from the old year, than by giving them another word of praise and recommendation.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, No performance.
On Monday, THE HUNCHBACK; after which a new Christmas Pantomime, entitled HARLEQUIN AND OLD GAMMER GURTON; or, THE LOST NEEDLE.
Tuesday, A new Petite Comedy (in 2 Acts) called HUSH!

OLYMPIC.

This Evening, No performance.
On Monday, An entire new Burletta, entitled THE DOUBLE DILEMMA, in which Mrs. Honey will appear; after which HE WOULD BE AN ACTOR; to conclude with an entire new Grand Comical, Musical, Fairy Burletta, entitled RIQUET WITH THE TUFT, in which Mr. Charles Mathews, Mrs. Honey Miss R. Isaacs, and Madame Vestris will appear.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

On Monday, An entire new Tragic Burletta, called BLECHINGTON HOUSE; or, THE WARNING VOICE.—Characters: Messrs. Harley, Strickland, Parry, Miss Allison, &c.; with a new Grand Operatic Burletta, called THE ENCHANTED HORN; or, OBERON.—Characters: Messrs. Braham, Bennett, Harley, Miss Rainforth, &c.; to conclude with an entirely new Burlesque Burletta, called THE PARISH REVOLUTION.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

On Monday, and during the Week, An entire new Drama, entitled THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT; or, THE MAGIC ROSE.—Principal Characters by Messrs. Green, Johnson, Loveday, Misses Grey, Clifford, &c.; after which (first time) THE MUSICAL BORE; to conclude with EYE-ON, (*Ion*, Miss Clifford).

LYCEUM.—*Opera Buffa.*—The Italian company commenced their performances here this day fortnight, with an excellent orchestra, selected from the larger band of the King's Theatre, and conducted by M. Benedict, and Donnizetti's pretty 'Elisir d'Amore,' as their opening opera. The cast of this was very satisfactory: Blasis is just the *prima donna* we desire for a small theatre: her voice is as true and flute-like as ever; her style as unambitiously correct; while her acting has gained in spirit. Signor Catone, too, (the principal tenor of the *corps*,) is a singer whom it does our hearts good to hear; his voice is most beautiful—and manly too, as yet undisfigured by the addition of a sickly *falsetto*,—and he sings with a grace and a feeling which give us a right to expect much from him in future years. Besides these, there is a Signor Bellini, a sturdy and useful *basso*. On the whole we may praise, without drawback, the manner in which 'L'Elisir' is performed: to criticize the music sharply is not our present intention. The second opera, Donnizetti's 'Il Furioso,' which was given this day week, brought us another acquisition in the person of Signor Ronconi (brother to *the* Ronconi): he, too, is young and full of promise as an actor, as well as a singer, his voice being a baritone of peculiarly agreeable quality. But while we praise thus largely, we are also bound to speak plainly of Signora Luini's *début* and total failure. A more distressing performance we have rarely witnessed: and we should have let it pass unrecorded, had we not remembered the high-flown paragraphs, which were industriously circulated immediately after poor Malibran's death, promising us a new *prima donna*, who among her other perfections was able to "sing in four languages." It is probable that Signora Luini has made her last, as well as her first experiment in London; and we hope that her fate will be a warning to the injudicious friends of *cantatrici* yet to come forward. As an opera, 'Il Furioso' is the weakest of the weak. There is no chance, we imagine, of its being repeated.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

Paris.

A word or two more concerning music in Paris. How largely the cultivation and practice of this art enters, at present, into the scheme of life here, may be indicated by another *straw* or two, which have caught my eye whilst drifting hither and thither on the current. Among many things which I regret to have been unable to sit and hear (one of these, by the way, was a discourse on witchcraft and demoniacal possession, by the Abbé Auszoux,) was an oratorio, performed by the musical class directed by M. Mainzer:—the said class consisting of five hundred artizans and operatives, whom judicious tuition, during a twelvemonth's hours of relaxation, has educated into an efficient and zealous body of chorus-singers. If I mistake not (but I have not the paper before me), there was an examination of the class in the presence of the public authorities, and a distribution of prizes. It is this recognition alone, however, that essentially distinguishes it from the musical performances which are increasingly encouraged in our own Mechanics' Institutes. What would the corporations and borough-reeves of our provincial towns say, were I to propose to their imitation the example of the city of Orleans? The authorities of this ancient town are meditating a *fête* in commemoration of La Pucelle, which is to be held on the next anniversary of the heroine's birth-day; and the principal attraction of this *fête* is to be a cantata, composed expressly for the occasion—the composition open to competition and reward—and to be performed by an orchestra of more than three hundred singers and instrumentalists, directed by M. Habeneck, and assisted by the first Parisian artists.

But I must not talk about Parisian music, and forget the three pleasant hours at the Opera Comique, which I owe to Adam's 'Postillon'—a very pretty opera, with a story whimsical and full of drollery, and much of Boieldieu's sparkling spirit in its music. To be sure, Madlle. Prevost, its heroine, is plain and *passée*, with not half as much voice as nine-tenths of the young ladies who "obligingly consent" to appear at the London benefit concerts, season after season, and are heard of no more. Chollet, too, "the first man," has but a thread of a voice compared with Wilson or Templeton—but what of that? The music was so carefully got up, the parts acted as well as sung, with so much vivacity as well as propriety—to say nothing of appropriate dress and decorations—that the most stilted or fastidious of amateurs must have listened and enjoyed it. This music of the 'Postillon' is in high fashion: a quadrille, taken from it, was the favourite piece at the first of Musard's New Concerts—shall I tell you why? In the original rondo the theme is *set off*, and the time marked by the cracking of whips behind the scenes. Now, as the *fouet* would be rather an inconvenient instrument to introduce into a closely-packed orchestra, its effect was reproduced at Musard's, by the introduction of a row of Waterloo-crackers, let off, dulcimer-wise, by the blow of a hammer—the fire and snap of which raised some four thousand lively Parisians, and others, to the seventh heaven of ecstasy; and the quadrille would have been called for a third time, had not the crackers fallen short! These same Concerts (Musard's) are an amusement which it would be impossible, I fear, to naturalize in London:—and a very good orchestra, of ninety performers, playing, nightly, a selection of music to a crowd of promenaders, of all classes and conditions, for a franc a head. On the opening of the new *salle*, in the Rue Neuve Vivienne, hundreds were turned away from the doors; those in office here having a conscience in not admitting larger audiences than can be comfortably accommodated—an example to English managers. This new *salle* gives me occasion to make my one complaint against the places of public amusement in Paris—for the bad taste with which they are decorated. The aim now seems to be to load every square inch of roof, wall, and drapery, with as many bright colours as possible; and the effect is proportionably overpowering and tawdry. There is nothing here half so gay and elegant as the new interiors of Drury Lane and the Olympic.

But, lest you should become tired of my nothings, I will have done. Ries is here, busily engaged in finishing a new oratorio for the coming Festival at Aix la Chapelle. I heard a new sextuor of his, tried in private a day or two ago: the slow movement and *scherzo* were delightful—classical, and fantastic. Costa's opera, 'Malek Adhel,' is on the point of appearing at the Italian Theatre; the only other novelty promised (and, consequently, the only one for which we may look in London,) being the 'Ildegonda' of Marliani. Taccani, whom I heard a night or two since, is a pretty delicate singer, very neat and flexible in her execution, but I think deficient in style, both as a singer and an actress. Much is expected from a Madlle. Sardi, who is to appear at certain concerts. Till some or other of these novelties make themselves heard—unless, indeed, a new conspiracy should turn up—the dwarf, Mathias Grulhia, who is now here, the smallest man in Europe, the courtliest, and the most courted, will have it his own way.

MISCELLANEA

Extracts of a Letter from Sir J. Herschel to M. Arago.—We do not know in what language the following letter was forwarded to M. Arago; and it is very probable, that in translating the French version

we may be almost *translating* Sir John Herschel's own words; but the substance, we presume, will be equally acceptable to our readers. "Captain Hall has had the kindness to contribute to my amusement by sending me the different journals, containing the history of my pretended discoveries in the moon, and also some remarks, among which I think I recognise your style. Captain Hall has not forgotten to inform me of your friendly eagerness in trying to undeceive the good people of Paris on this head; and I beg of you to accept my sincere thanks for your kind offices, although, to confess the truth, I must regret that such precious moments as yours should have been so employed. Since there are people silly enough to believe every extravagant tale which is set before them, we ought to hope that these tales may be as harmless as that now in question"—[the assertions of M. Nicolet respecting Sir John's discoveries in the moon]—"and under all circumstances I am not disposed seriously to complain of anything which has recalled me to your recollection, and made you my champion. * * I am sure you will be interested in learning that I have here been favoured with a long and beautiful exhibition of the comet on its return from the sun. It was in sight from the 24th of January till the 5th of May. It its passage from its perihelion it must have been seen with great difficulty in Europe, for its physical aspect was quite changed. For a long time it had no tail; the parabolic envelope of the head was formed with such astonishing rapidity that its visible volume was more than doubled in the space of twenty-four hours. I may say, without exaggeration, that I saw it augment, for on the morning of the 26th of January on repeating my micrometric observations of the well-defined part, after an interval of three hours, I found an increase in its linear dimensions equal to a sixth part of the whole. This extraordinary dilatation continued, and the paraboloid became so large and lustreless that it at length entirely disappeared, leaving only the nucleus and the tail of the star. Another, and a singular peculiarity, was the existence of a very small interior comet, having a head and tail complete—its nucleus was that of the general mass. This cometic nucleus dilated less rapidly than the envelope, and, at the end of the period of being visible, the tail itself became imperceptible." Sir J. Herschel also informs M. Arago, that the pipes which convey water at Cape Town are liable to be stopped up as they are at Grenoble. Mr. Chisholme, the engineer, had remedied this inconvenience by putting a thin layer of Roman cement on the interior surface of the pipe—a plan which was suggested by Sir John Herschel himself.

Falling Stars.—We have pleasure in announcing to our readers, that a summing up of all the evidence sent in to the French Academy of Sciences, from various parts, concerning the falling stars of November last, is about to proceed from the pen of M. Arago. The four pupils of that gentleman, at the Observatory in Paris, reckoned 170 of these phenomena, some of which traversed the constellation of the Lion, and all were in that region.

Egyptian Antiquities.—Among the Egyptian antiquities recently brought from Alexandria, by M. Mimaut, the French consul at that port, are the following:—the four grand funeral vases, in alabaster, which ornamented the tomb of King Psammetik II.; a statue larger than nature, of the historian Herodotus, in Paros marble, found in the ruins of Panium at Alexandria; a bronze statue of Antinous, taken from the ruins of Zifteh; a truncated column in red granite; a vase in bronze representing the attributes of the worship of Bacchus. This is said by the French papers to be a beautiful piece of workmanship, and is considered as the original work of Lysippus. The colossal Warwick vase, in marble, is a copy of this composition. Also the genealogical and chronological table of Abydos, discovered in 1818 by Mr. Bankes, which was studied and commented upon with much care by M. Champollion, and which is considered as the most precious monument derived from ancient Egypt.

Russian Publishing.—We observe by the *Bibliographie de la France*, that in 1834 there appeared in Russia 844 works, of which about one-eighth were translations. The number of scientific works was 430, of which 359 were original. Of works purely literary there were 271, of which 226 were original. Of the 844 works, 541 were in the Russian language; 37 in Polish; 3 in Samogitian; 91 in German; 26 in Lithuanian, Esthonian, Finnish, and Swedish; 36 in French; 1 in English; 3 in Italian; 1 in Dutch; 46 in Latin; 3 in modern Greek; 1 in Arabian; 1 in Persian; and 54 in Hebrew.

Light.—The Italian natural philosopher, Melloni, has recently invented a mode of depriving the rays of light of caloric, which seems to open the way to great discoveries respecting the nature of light, when thus insulated. His method is very simple: he passes the sun's rays through a combination of transparent bodies (water, and a particular sort of glass coloured green with oxide of copper), which bodies absorb all the caloric, and but little of the light. The light thus separated from its caloric is very yellow, with a green tinge; and when so concentrated by lenses, as to be as bright as the direct ray, the most delicate thermometer does not show the smallest degree of warmth. It has long been known that the prism, besides dividing the ray into its several pencils of colours, separated at one end of the spectrum a pencil of heat-making rays, and at the other a pencil of chemically-acting rays, both perceptible only by their effect; but this mode of severing the heat from the light offered little means of experimenting upon the unadulterated light, of which Melloni's discovery seems to give the philosopher as complete command as he has of the gases, &c.

Height of Waves.—In March last an effort was made in the northern seas, by MM. Duhamel and Aigremont, the former royal judge at the Islands of St. Pierre and Miguelon, to measure the height of waves, when under the influence of a heavy swell, succeeding to a violent storm. The sea has scarcely ever been more agitated, and being without a dipsector, recourse was had to the masts of other vessels, among various other methods; the mean result was forty feet.

The Fountain of Enversat and the Lake Thau.—At three quarters of a league from Cette, and on the borders of the pond of Thau, between this town and the thermal waters of Balaruc, is a cavern, among many others, which affords a repetition of the lower lake of Zirknitz, of the ducks of Valvasor, and especially the blind ducks without feathers of Girolamo Agapito. This place is called the "Foun d'Enversat." The opening is very low, and on a level with the pond of Thau, so that this cave being generally filled with fresh water from filtration, pours its overflowings into the pond, and the more frequently after two or three rainy seasons; the pond then contains fresh-water fishes, wild ducks, and blind and unplumed ducks. This is the reverse of the usual course of things, for it is generally the pond which sends its waters into the cavern. Sometimes the fresh water goes out at one side, whilst the salt pours in at the other, and does not mix with the rest. An innumerable quantity of little eels spring up in this double stream.

Infusion of Senna with Coffee.—A singular preparation for children is recommended in the *Bulletin Général de Therapeutique*, as one admirably adapted for the exhibition of senna without inducing nausea or disgust. An infusion of senna is to be made in water, and allowed to stand all night, the liquid is to be filtered in the morning, and employed instead of water in making a cup of coffee, to which a proportionate quantity of milk and sugar should be added.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. James has published another pamphlet in reply to the *Athenæum*; it takes "a deal of dullness" to neutralize that review. He is mistaken, however, in the opinion that we shall bestow more words upon the subject; we are quite content to leave him his last hope—"that my history of the Black Prince will be read [Prince Posterity again!] when the *Athenæum* is only remembered by the castigations which various authors have inflicted upon it." This sentence, to be sure, struck us as "parlous strange," and threw us back on our recollections. Now, there have been, we admit, some three or four desperate people who have taken this figurative whip in hand. The first was Professor Rennie, then in his palmy days, the petted of the Diffusion people, and the admired of all readers,—except, indeed, the informed. What has since become of the "Professor" we are utterly unable to divine, nor could we learn even upon inquiry at King's College; we presume, therefore, that he has gone in person to present his appeal to the Prince. The second was the Editor or Proprietor, one or both, we forget which, of "The Miscellany of Natural History." They too, we suspect, appealed to Posterity, and sent the work in evidence, for it was never heard of after the third number. Mr. "Professor" Dewhurst also tried his hand for a moment; and now we have Mr. James. "Misery," says Shakespeare, "makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows."

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